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Madam will carry the bear?

Eight thousand five hundred miles of memories...

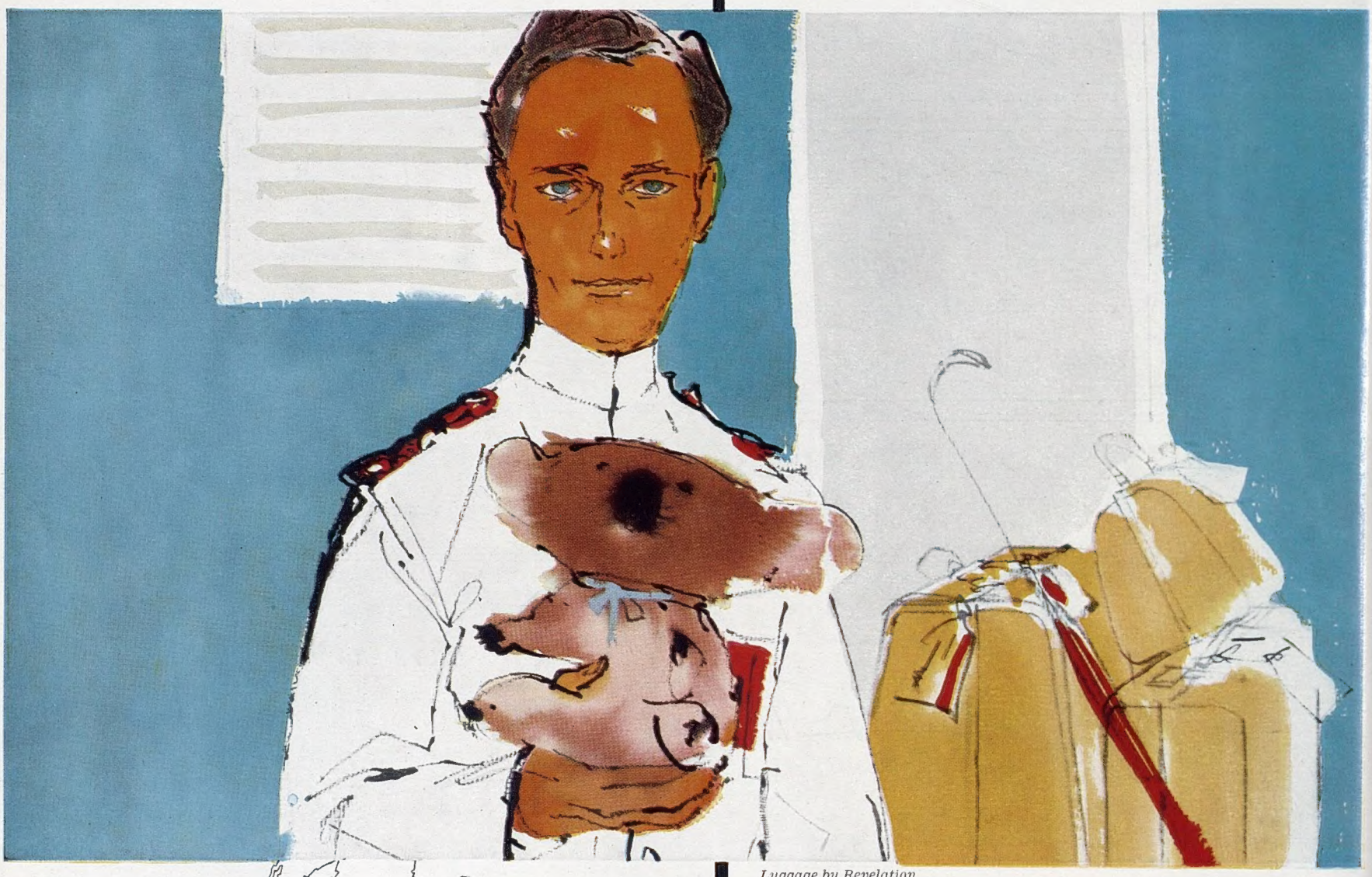
They step ashore, at San Francisco. Off the ship of the Orient Line that has borne them from Sydney, Madam hugs to herself souvenirs, memories, to be life's highlights from now on . . .

The Bear Sydney, Goodbye Australia . . . on into the Pacific Ocean . . . first dip in the swimming pool, first meal really at sea . . .

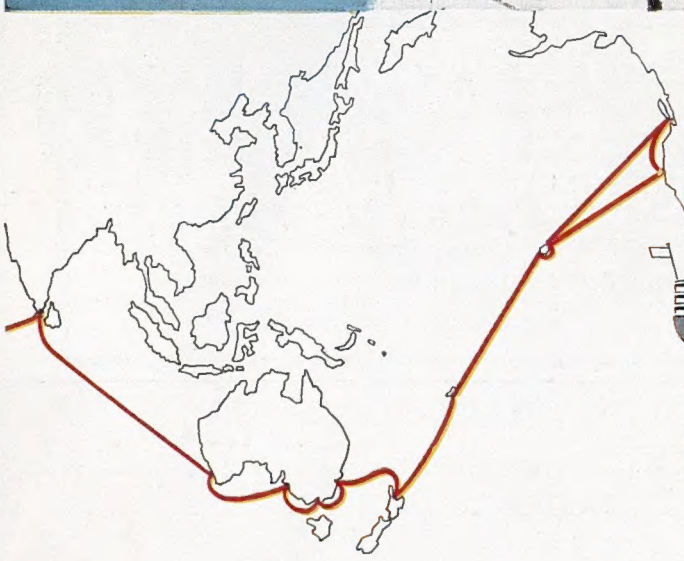
The Ear-rings Fiji, brilliant sun, emerald sea, ice clinking, green chairs confettied over the shining deck . . .

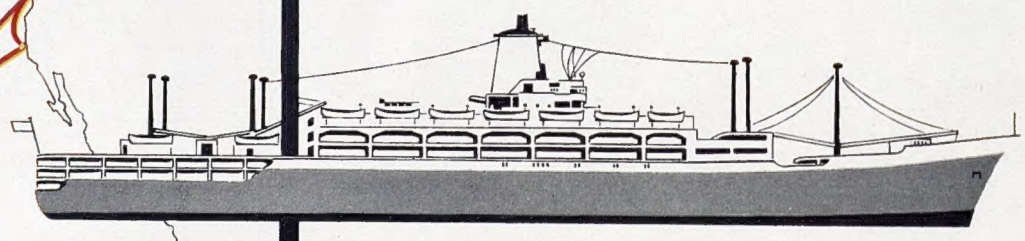
The Guitar Red wine and white buildings, Honolulu . . . soft twilight, songs half heard, ever remembered . . .

The Roses Sirens sobbing journey's end, San Francisco, cabin full of flowers, moments of goodbye, sweet stewardess, charming barman, everyone so kind, last drink at *our* table, wonderful ship . . .



Luggage by Revelation





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Volume CCXXX No. 2988

The SPHERE, London, July 6, 1957

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

PILGRIMAGE TO DUNKIRK—THE SCENE AFTER THE QUEEN MOTHER HAD UNVEILED THE MEMORIAL LAST SATURDAY : Members of the Forces, ex-Servicemen and relatives of those who lost their lives in the great evacuation of seventeen years ago at the shrine in memory of those who have no known grave. On the columns are engraved the names of 4,700 dead of the British Expeditionary Force of 1940. More than 1,500 relatives of those commemorated were present for the dedication.

The pilgrims, whose journey had been organised by the British Legion, included people from all parts of the British Isles, and women—mothers and widows—outnumbered the men. There were also 250 survivors present at the extremely moving ceremony. In unveiling the Memorial, the Queen Mother recalled the inspiring leadership and fighting qualities of 1940 and paid tribute not only to the soldiers, but to the sailors, airmen and men of the Merchant Navy who helped to make the miracle of deliverance a possibility. This ground, she said, "must be hallowed in the hearts of the people of Great Britain." Then the Union Flags dropped from the columns on which the names of 4,700 who have no known graves, are inscribed and the Last Post sounded, followed by pipers playing the lament, "Lochaber No More." The Queen Mother laid the first wreath of 200 red roses. Next to it, place of honour was given to a posy of violets from a widow whose son was killed on the beaches. At the end of the ceremony, the pilgrims and many veterans and serving members of the Services of all ranks moved round the Shrine seeking the particular corner which has for them special associations. Her Majesty mixed unobtrusively with the crowd, stopping from time to time with a word of greeting for relatives of the dead. After leaving Dunkirk in H.M.S. *Chieftain* she dropped a wreath overboard in memory of those who died after embarking from the beaches.

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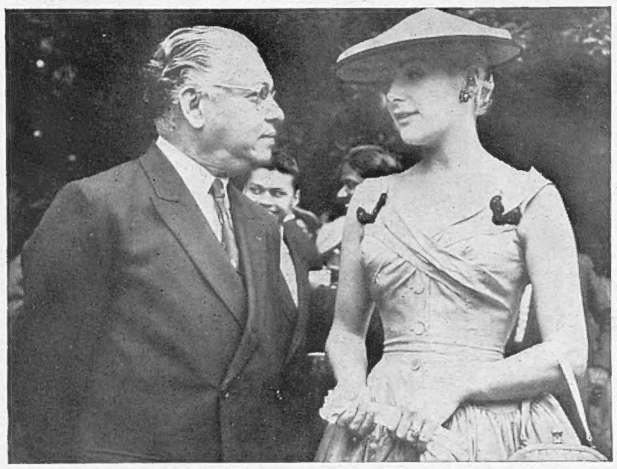
A PLUM CAKE FOR THE QUEEN

A TRADITIONAL PRESENTATION AT GUILDFORD: The Queen, watched by Prince Philip, receives a plum cake from Lord Onslow, the High Steward of Guildford, during her visit to the Surrey town which is this year celebrating the 700th anniversary of the granting of its Charter. A plum cake is the town's traditional gift to Royal visitors. On this occasion it was made by apprentices of Guildford master bakers. The Queen and the Prince also visited the new Cathedral; Shalford Park, and the sports ground where they met the Surrey and Hampshire cricket teams.

A HIGH COMMISSIONER'S GUEST



SIR CLAUDE COREA MEETS MISS ANN SEARS: The High Commissioner for Ceylon is in conversation with the actress at the garden party in London, given in honour of Mr. de Silva, Ceylon's representative at the Commonwealth Conference. Miss Sears has recently returned from Ceylon, where she has been filming *The Bridge on the River*.

OFF TO AFRICA

ANOTHER STANLEY ON THE LIVINGSTONE TRAIL: Mr. Richard Stanley, the adopted grandson of the famous explorer (foreground), and Mr. N. S. Maconochie, sail from Southampton on the Union-Castle liner *Athlone Castle* for South Africa. Mr. Stanley and Mr. Maconochie are to make an expedition along the route Mr. Stanley's "grandfather," Sir Henry Stanley, followed in his search for Livingstone.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Commonwealth Conference.—A Conference of Commonwealth Premiers is always of first importance and usually interesting to the public, even if we get no more than a carefully-guarded summary of matters discussed and general agreements arrived at. Its chief value undoubtedly belongs to the Premiers themselves, the British in particular. Each learns by personal contacts something new of the characters of the men at the top with whom they must work, of the national problems and interests which come first with their confrères in the Commonwealth, and of where the shoe pinches sharpest on each other's foot. This time there are interesting new faces to study and new alignments to be appreciated. Always there have been strong divergence of views on economic subjects, which will bulk largest. In the past there was usually a great measure of unity on matters of defence. But since 1945 that military solidarity has gone. If Canada was always closely linked with America in matters not only economic, but military, the rest of the Commonwealth up to a decade ago was broadly solid on imperial defence. Now, however, the prime needs and anxieties of individual defence have led to regional alliances by member nations who have seen the value of co-operating with, and sharing the benefits of, America's decisive strength, while other member nations, which have seen in a policy of neutrality their best hope of security, are no longer willing to concede bases or share in common defence projects, least of all in nuclear development. While Canada and Australia may find it necessary to share in the responsibility and cost of nuclear development, India and Ceylon are not so prepared, and the policies of South Africa and Pakistan are yet to be ascertained on many vital subjects, economic, political and military. For this reason, and others, the Conference now sitting may prove unusually interesting and may result in some surprises. But in matters of defence there is no reason to assume a weakening of Commonwealth determination or potential. In that sphere, at any rate, America is a Commonwealth partner of greatest importance in her regional alliances with member states.

Hungarian Martyrdom.—When I read Michener's *Bridge of Andau*, I thought to myself that some of the evidence which supplied that terrible picture of a nation's martyrdom, if given in the cool, detached atmosphere of a British Court of Law, would have been given very special attention by the Lord Chief Justice in his summing-up to the jury. He would have told them that witnesses who themselves had suffered terribly or seen their families suffer, could not always be regarded as unprejudiced witnesses, even though they endeavoured to tell the whole truth as they saw it, and nothing but the truth. The jury would have to make allowance for a certain amount of inevitable exaggeration before they accepted the evidence *in toto* and convicted the accused. In the U.N. document, much of the evidence which built up that terrible picture of Russian brutality was derived from the same sources. It is therefore of first importance to examine the authority of the bench which examined that evidence and accepted much of it. The U.N. Committee was composed of representatives from several nations, some of which the Russians themselves could not accuse of being inherently prejudiced against them at any time before the event. Its findings are undoubtedly the most frank ever put out by the U.N. and the most unanimous. These findings accept as proved Russian preparations before the event, unspeakable torture, mass deportations and blatant dishonouring of pledges in a massive assault on a small nation. It is very unlikely that these findings will be allowed to penetrate widely inside the Iron Curtain. Outside, the Kremlin leaders will do all in their power to challenge the veracity of the evidence, and quite certainly to brand the report as Western propaganda designed to hamstring disarmament; but the U.N., for once, will be proof against Russian propaganda. It is most unlikely that anything positive or helpful will come from a meeting of the delegations of the Assembly which set up the investigating Committee in January. Kadar would be unlikely to state his case persuasively. On the contrary, he has already added fuel to the fire of international detestation. Nor would the Russian Government be likely to explain their actions in a more favourable light. The case has already gone against the Communists by default, and the U.N. and the world have no need of further witness. Is this terrible verdict, then, superimposed, as it is, on many as terrible, a final justification for those who hold that the H-bomb is the only safeguard that remains against piecemeal repetitions of the Hungarian tragedy? That would seem to be an assumption that suicide is the only safe answer to the perils of human life.

Another Crime Wave?—Newspaper headlines do not make official statistics. If they did, we should fairly assume that never before were murder and unsolved murder, robbery under arms, bag-snatching, gaol evasion and unlawful wounding so rife. Cool official statistics show that these crimes and crime generally were steadily decreasing from the post-war peak in the last few years. But the latest half-year figures available give cause for new anxiety. It looks as if murder was on the up-and-up again. The average number investigated between 1950 and 1956 was about 170. It looks possible that 1957 may reach the ugly record of 200. The Homicide Bill became law towards the end of March and its effect on homicide is still unproven. As for wage-snatching and the theft of loaded vehicles and cars, a newspaper reader might well think that that form of enrichment has become as easy as falling off a log. The robbers seem to be able to find and leave a trail of abandoned vehicles. The police may well be worried. The force is still under strength and is still preoccupied with more trivial traffic misdemeanours and with paper work. But they are justified in blaming the public for lack of co-operation on two grounds: witnesses are as reluctant as ever to come forward with evidence when they have seen a crime committed or could help with information, dreading to be involved in a criminal prosecution or fearing vengeance from the criminal's associates; and the average citizen neglects his bounden duty in co-operating to prevent crimes. No one and nothing will probably cure the foolish rich woman who leaves a fortune in furs and jewellery in her bedroom or car with no effort at security, but those who weekly draw large sums of cash (which thieves prefer to jewellery) might be expected by now to have devised safety precautions, if only by varying their habitual procedure or trebling the bodyguard round the bank messenger from their own staff. I am afraid that as a nation, thanks to the indifference of a not inconsiderable minority of our citizens, we have the crime record we deserve. Our police are wonderful, but they need help from all of us. It would interest me very much to have statistics on the proportion of convicted persons during the past year who were not born British nationals or whose parents were not so born. When I walk the streets of London, I feel like a man visiting Babel. The homogeneity of our nation was remarkable fifty years ago.

BALLOONING OVER LONDON

BALLOON ASCENT FROM BATTERSEA: Mr. Anthony Fairbanks and Mrs. Constance Wolf, members of the American Balloon Club, wave from the basket of the hydrogen balloon "La Coquette" as it ascends from the Battersea Pleasure Gardens for a flight over London. The balloon is the actual one used in the film *Around the World in Eighty Days*. The flight was arranged as publicity for the film, which had its London première at the Astoria Theatre Charing Cross Road, on Tuesday. The first performance of the film, which was produced by Mr. Michael Todd, was in aid of the Newspaper Press Fund.

Bevan's Squibs.—Mr. Bevan's wisecracks would, and perhaps will, make quite a successful bedside book. Just now, he is in great form and is for ever letting off his squibs and stings and flings; and I confess that many of them strike me as anything but damp. The other day in Manchester he invited his audience to accept the truth that the existence of the hydrogen bomb had put an end to democracy in America and Britain. A weapon of surprise essentially, by its very nature it robs the peoples of all their rights to decide the issues

of war and peace. It is a weapon of dictatorship. In Nevil Shute's latest novel, we can read how that dictatorship might work, and how the world might well be destroyed by a misunderstanding, by a nervous spasm by a statesman overwrought by anxiety, by a false rumour. Chance might be the dictator. Thus the H-bomb, now being perfected for no other reason than to safeguard democracy, has already destroyed it. Mr. Bevan did not exactly make that Chestertonian paradox, nor did he allow that in past world wars, you and I did not in truth receive every facility for the cosy practices of democracy in deliberately making up our minds on the issue of peace or war and thrashing out the pros and cons through our representatives in Parliament. Our Governments usually assumed that they knew our minds when the time came for them, unprepared, undecided and taken by surprise, to make a quick decision.

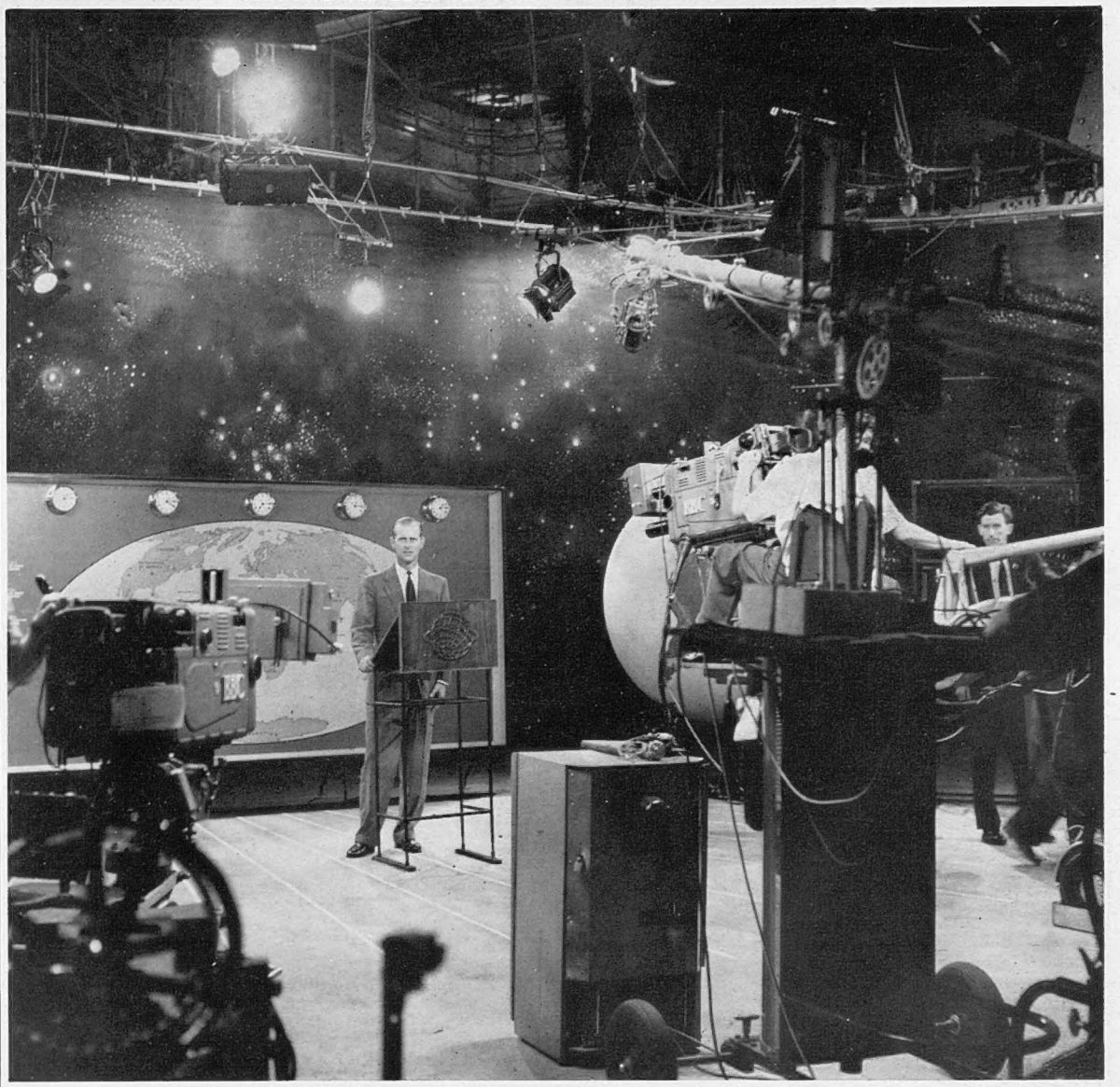
'Twas Sixty Years Since.—I remember the Diamond Jubilee celebrations on June 22, 1897, very clearly. Presumably I had an *exeat* from my private school. I was twelve years old and it was my sister's birthday, and we had a splendid view of the procession outside Coutts' Bank, I believe. We shouted for "Bobs," cheered Joe Chamberlain and roared as the ever-popular Duchess of Teck rolled smiling and waving by, enjoying her popularity. The weather, of course, was superlative Queen's summer weather, and I remember the cavalcade of princes, mostly from Germany and doomed to extinction twenty years on, who made a glittering foil for the little dumpy figure of the Queen whom few of us had seen occasionally emerge from her long privacy. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge (an almost Crimean figure) rode beside her and, though there were no foreign sovereigns, the Dukes and Princes of Germany's principalities, nearly all related to our Queen, followed in endless ranks. Where are they gone? Of the Queen's progeny, five grandchildren still remain to-day; that seems surprising, for those events are such worlds away, into those sixty years are packed the history of two normal centuries, in those sixty years the world has been turned upside down. When they began, the dawn of the idea of Empire was first visible to the naked eye. When they ended, its history was written, the very name of Empire was suspect and a weapon in our enemies' hands, and something entirely new, remote from any contemporary conception, had taken its place and remains to-day, and once more the Queen's Commonwealth Premiers are in London. If much of our pomp of yesterday is one with Nineveh and Tyre, we have much to remember with pride. Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget. . . .

Haywire Weather—The weather isn't what it was. Some say it's those aerials, some who are anti-H-bomb very reasonably charge it up to explosions or fall-out. Some say that the statisticians and record-compilers have made the weather jumpy, as they have done to Test batsmen. The points of difference observed at our corner of the European Continent can be summed up as follows: Thunderstorms nowadays come from the west, instead of from the south (the Alps). Lightning is much more vicious and dangerous. (But *vide* Shakespeare's "all-dreaded thunderstone.") Winds change unaccountably quickly. Cold easterly winds are more frequent in summer and encourage, rather than discourage, heavy rain. We used to be "safe" from frosts by May 15. Now we may expect them into June. The winter frosts, when they come, are more severe. (But remember the Thames Fair frost and the winter of 1896 in London, when old men alive to-day became proficient skaters.) I cull these changes from a Bavarian list. Most of them cover English experiences. I think even Buchan has gone haywire. But, dash it all, we 're having a real old English summer, thanks perhaps to the H-bomb, those aerials and the statisticians.

Shooting Prospects.—I wish cartridges were cheaper, for my observations and advices suggest that this will be a good year in my own haunts in England and Scotland. For fifteen years I have waited for the grouse to return to Highland moors where once they flourished almost foolproof. Then, in good years, it was possible to keep their stocks within reason only by expenditure of cartridges and the employment of beaters, dogs and ponies utterly beyond compass to-day. If this should prove a bumper year of the old sort, disease and a further setback would be inevitable. But a fair average year would be welcome after so long an almost total decline. Last year was a very good year for wild pheasants in the southern counties, and a big stock was left to multiply this season under ideal conditions of breeding, and what I have seen of the partridge hatching encourages my hope. Waterloo day is past and the weather is hopeful for the last ticklish week. Shooting nowadays has a much wider appeal than in the days of superabundant battues and bags. Most farmers aim to entertain their friends on their own land, and syndicates are expensive to run and coverts hard to come by. Lack of keepering, the elimination of hedgerows, modern farming methods, and everlasting cutting in the woods make satisfactory bags difficult to obtain.

THE OLD STAGER

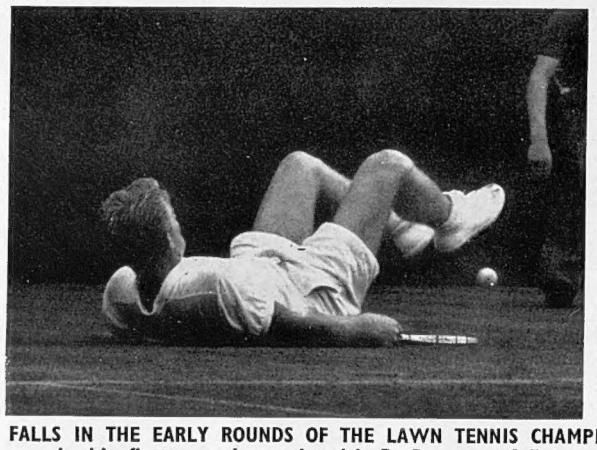
ROYAL INAUGURATION FOR THE INTERNATIONAL GEOPHYSICAL YEAR

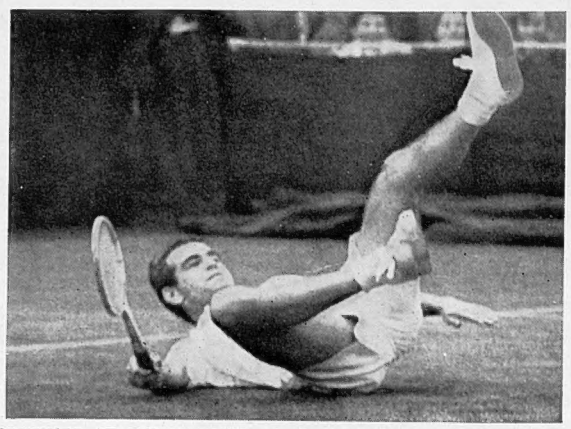


PRINCE PHILIP FACES THE TELEVISION CAMERAS: Booms, lights and cameras are all trained on the Duke of Edinburgh in the B.B.C.'s television studios at Lime Grove, Shepherds Bush, in London, as he takes part in a programme to herald the beginning of the International Geophysical Year. Behind the Duke can be seen the master map and, to the right, partly blocked out by a camera, is a 6-ft. glass globe. The broadcast, which lasted for 75 minutes, was called *The Restless Sphere*. It cost £20,000 to stage and was technically the B.B.C.'s most ambitious broadcast. The International Geophysical Year continues for the next eighteen months, during which time scientists in sixty-four countries will make observations for a common pool of knowledge. It has been estimated that the work will cost about £100,000,000.

DENMARK'S ROYAL YACHT SAILS INTO LONDON

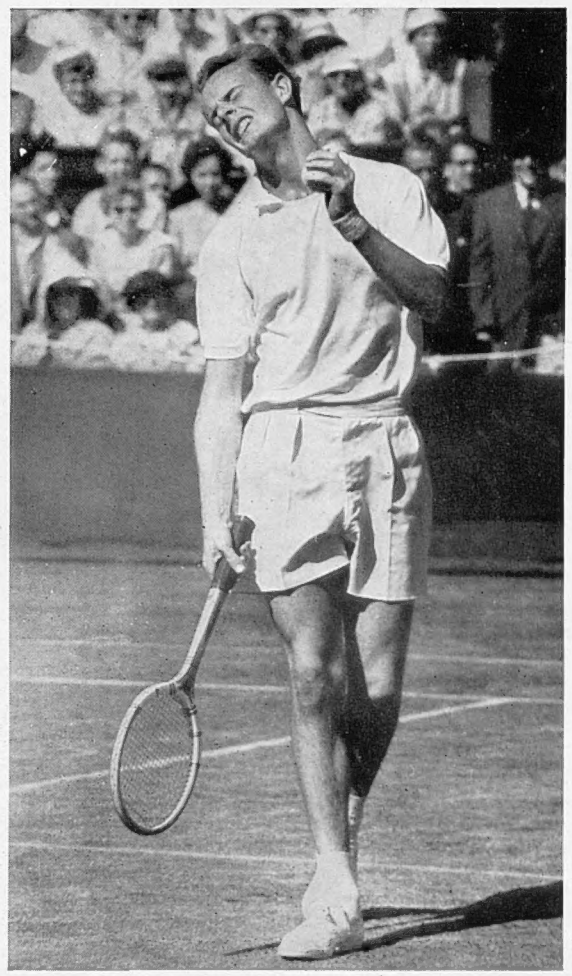
KING FREDERICK OF DENMARK ARRIVES IN LONDON: The Danish Royal yacht *Dannebrog*, with King Frederick on board, sails under Tower Bridge at the end of her journey. The King had arrived in London to meet Queen Ingrid and their three daughters who had been staying privately in this country. They were due to leave London earlier this week.





FALLS IN THE EARLY ROUNDS OF THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON: *Left*—Lew Hoad, the Australian holder and favourite for this year's Men's Singles, fa in his first round match with P. Darmon of France, whom he defeated in three straight sets. *Centre*—P. Scholl of Germany takes a heavy toss in the first rou match when he was dismissed by K. Nielsen of Denmark. *Right*—Miss K. Fageros, United States, looks quite happy when missing a ball from Great Britain's Miss P. J. A. Wheel whom she beat in the first round of the Women's Singles. The first day was marred by heavy rain which interrupted play for an hour and a ha

HUBER AGAIN: The Austrian player, whose antics have become a feature of recent Wimbledons, makes a typical dive and drive in his match with Budge Patty. But meeting so strong an opponent in the first round was soon to put an end to his energetic display of acrobatics.



DESPAIR: R. K. Wilson had made a poor shot in his match with G. Mulloy, whom he went on to defeat in the third round. In the fourth round Wilson was put out by S. Davidson of Sweden after taking the first set.

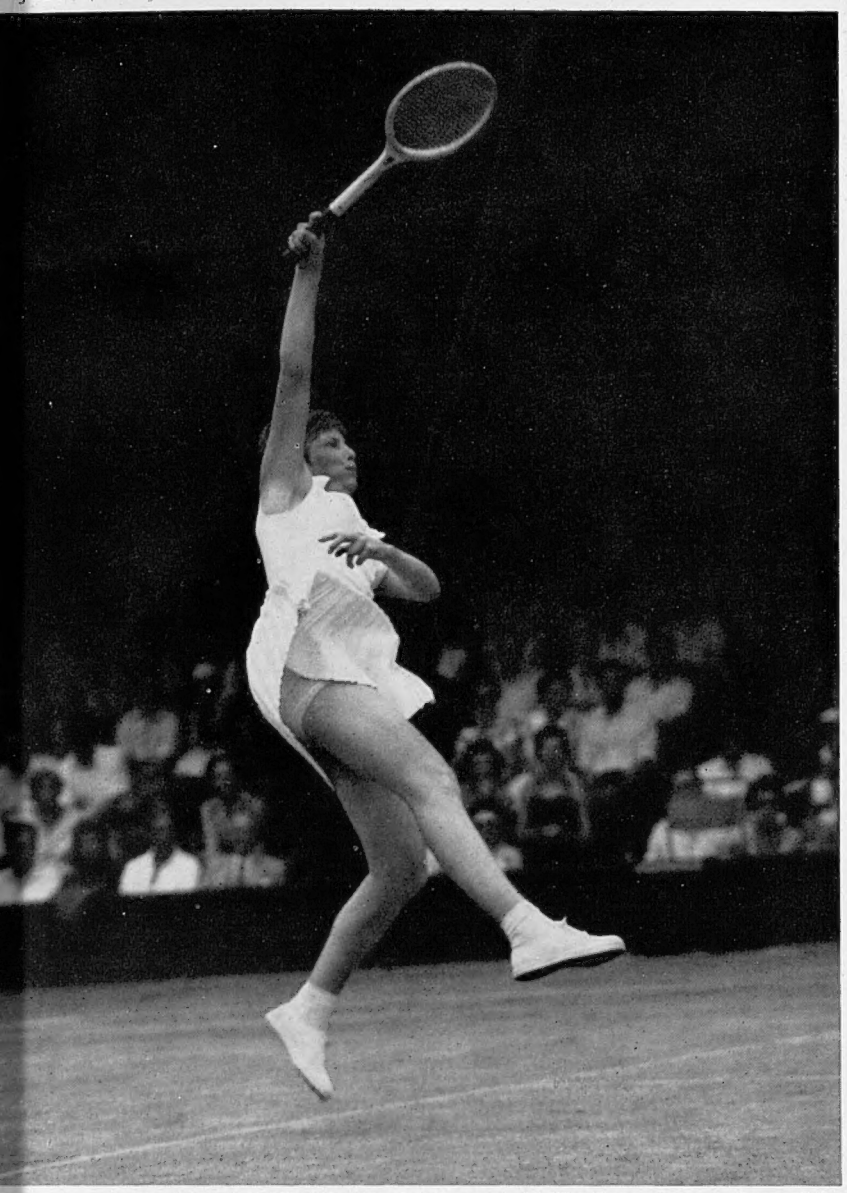
WIMBLEDON ATTITUDES

Leaps and Falls in the Lawn Tennis Championships

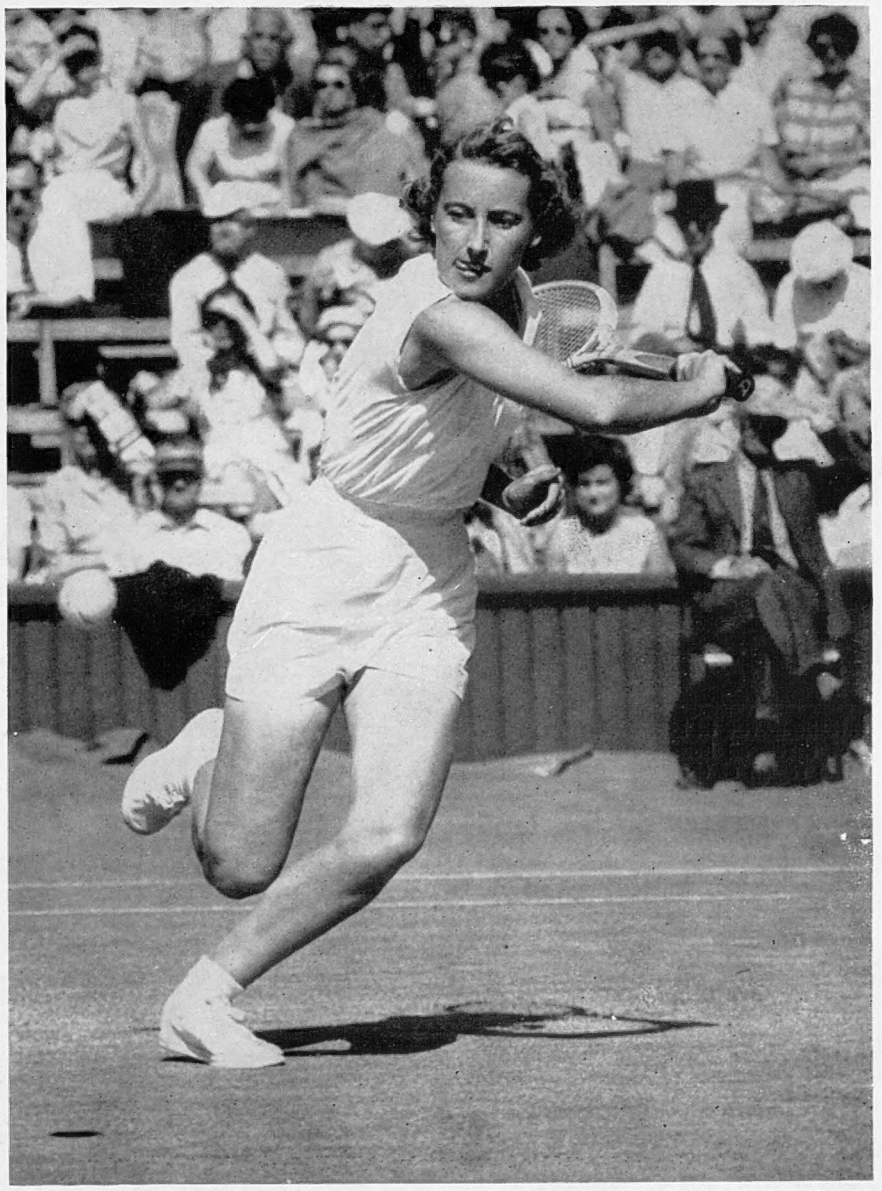
At two o'clock on the afternoon of Wimb don's first day, L. A. Hoad, holder the Men's Singles, entered the Centre Cou according to tradition, for the first match the competition. He had little difficulty disposing of his French opponent, P. Darmo Then came the rain, holding up play befo Ham Richardson took the court again Chile's L. Ayala. For the remainder of t first week, the temperature rose steadily un June records were broken and many playe suffered badly from exhaustion. In the secon round of the Men's Singles, J. Drobny, hold of the title in 1954, was put out by Ashl Cooper of Australia, his junior by fifteen yea But there were few early surprises until t remarkable defeat of Shirley Bloomer Christine Truman, the sixteen-year-old Ess girl, who was playing at Wimbledon for t first time. Shirley Bloomer is Britain's leadi player and was seed No. 3. The match w played last Saturday when the temperatu rose to over 90 degrees. It was during t height of it that N. A. Fraser (Australia) play his long and gruelling match to defeat Bud Patty. At the end of it he said that the he of the Centre Court was worse than anythi he had previously experienced in a matc But, while the players suffered, the spectato were happily sunning themselves. There w the usual parade of dresses, and the co sumption of strawberries and ice-crea reached record heights with the temperatu

HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR: M. G. Davies of Great Britain makes a dive across the court while playing N. A. Fraser of Australia. Davies, who had already beaten J. Arkinstall of Australia and G. D. Owen, Great Britain, put up a magnificent fight and took his powerful Australian opponent to five sets before being eliminated.

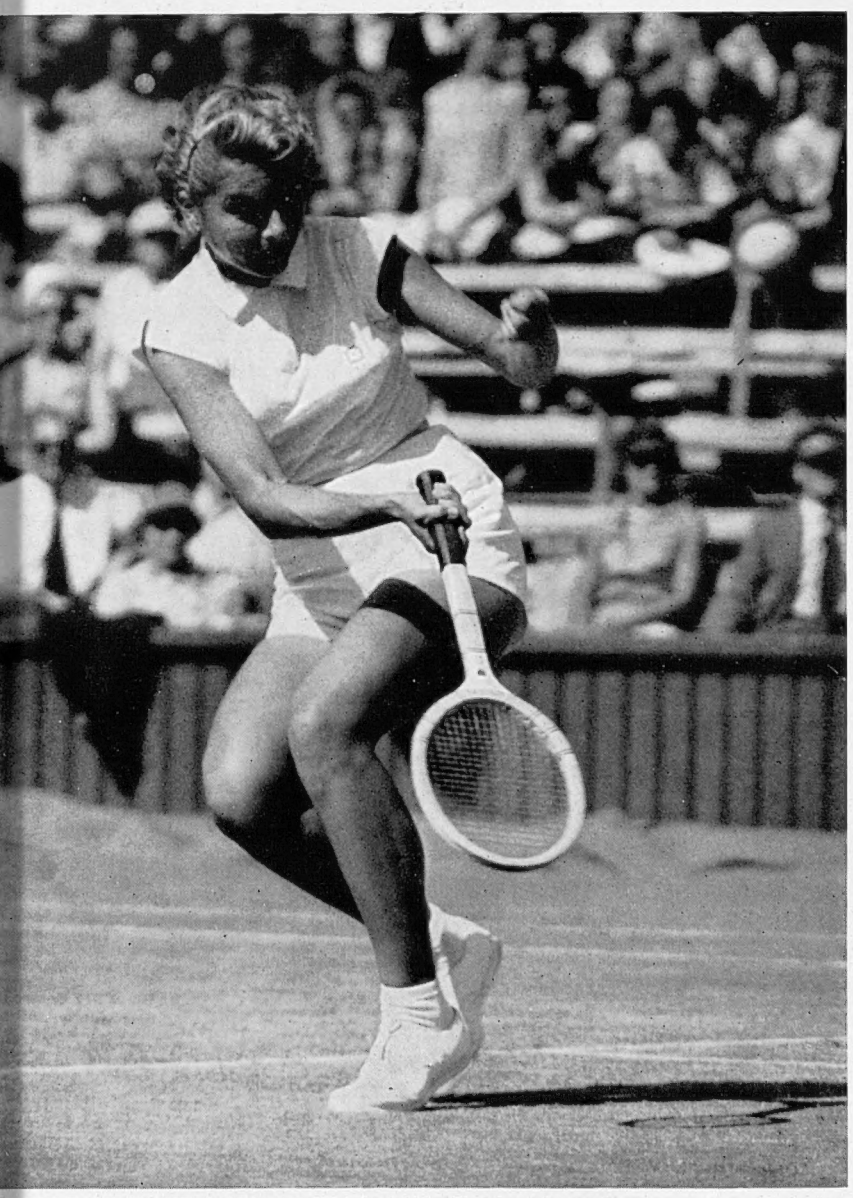
A GRACEFUL SMASH: N. A. Fraser does a high kick in his hard-foug match with M. G. Davies. In the next round he beat Patty a went on to play Schmidt of Sweden, outsider of the last eig



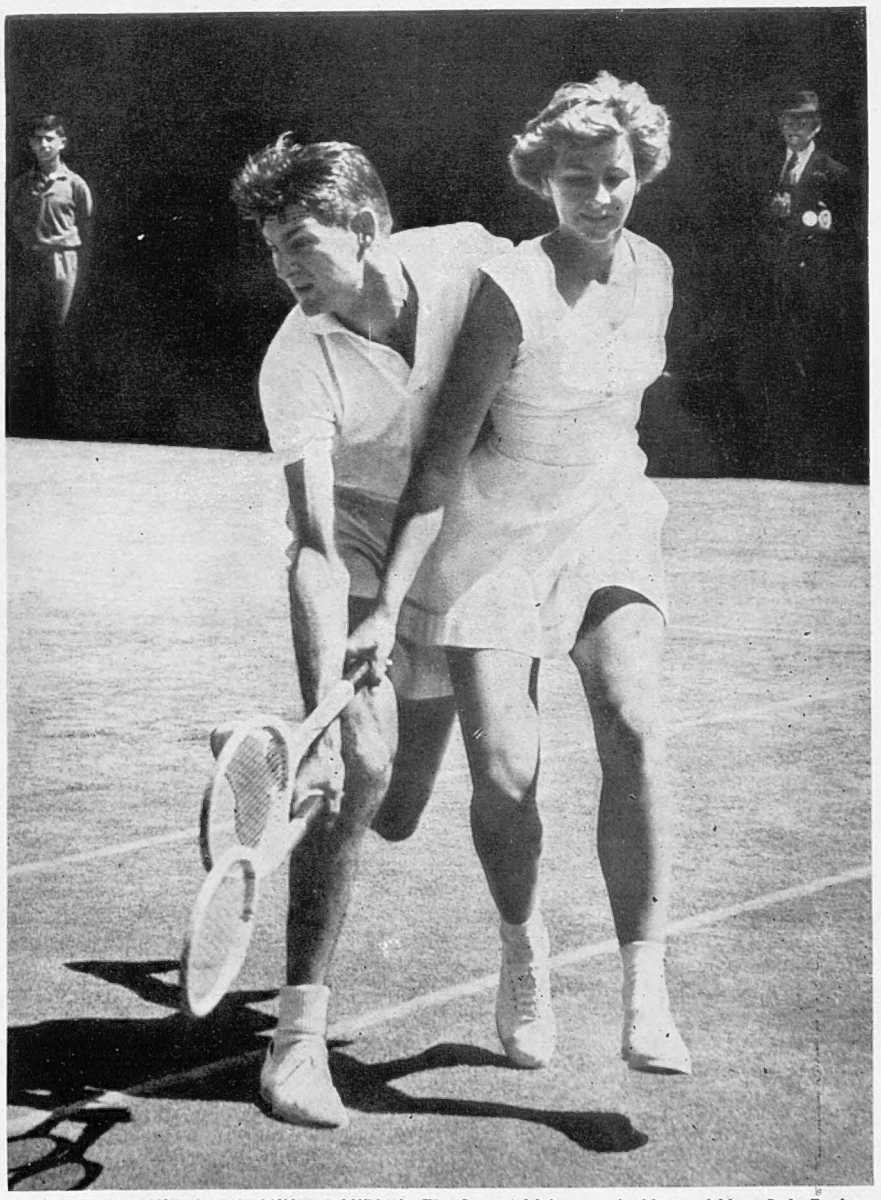
HRISTINE TRUMAN TAKES A HIGH ONE: The sixteen-year-old Miss Truman created one of the few surprises of the early rounds when she defeated the more experienced Shirley Bloomer in a two-set match, notable for the younger girl's powerful forehand driving.



A TONGUE-TWISTER: Angela Mortimer prepares for a backhand drive while playing Miss K. Fageros (U.S.) in the third round of the Women's Singles. Miss Mortimer, who had beaten Mrs. Vogler of Germany, fell to the American girl but took her to three sets.



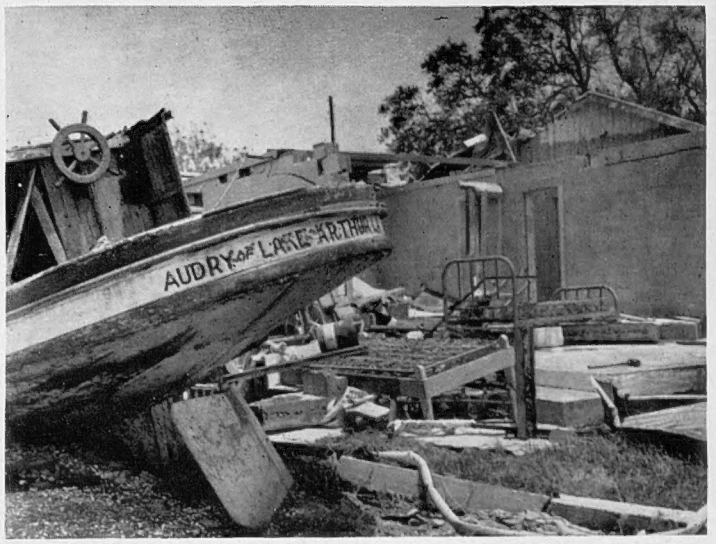
AROLE FAGEROS KEEPS HER EYE ON THE BALL: The American player was engaged in her successful third-round match with Great Britain's Angela Mortimer. However, in the following round, Miss Fageros went down to the Mexican player Miss R. M. Reyes.



HUSBAND AND WIFE IN THE MIXED DOUBLES: The South African pair Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Forbes seem in doubt as to who should take the ball in their match with L. Ayala of Chile and Mrs. T. D. Long of Australia. The hard-fought game gave victory to Ayala and Long.

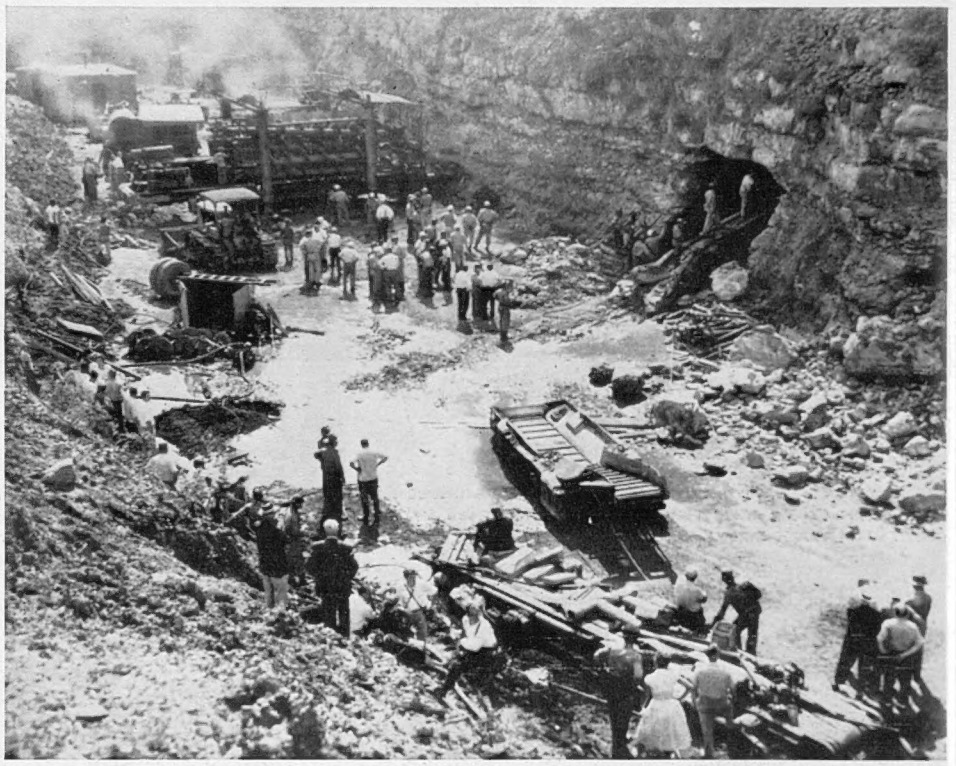
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

HURRICANE HAVOC IN LOUISIANA: A boat is left high and dry amid the debris of shattered homes on one of the main roads through Cameron in the region of the American coast devastated by hurricane and a huge tidal wave. At the beginning of this week the death roll in Louisiana was put at 275, about 3,000 were reported injured or sick and 40,000 people were homeless. Some were killed when buildings collapsed in the face of a 105-m.p.h. wind. But the bulk of deaths was caused by the 9-ft.-high wave of water which leaped the wall protecting the low-lying town of Cameron and its parish. Casualties would have been much higher but for the speedy evacuation of many thousands from the path of the storm.



AN IRONIC TOUCH: *Audry* is the name of the boat piled up amid the wreckage in Cameron. The code name given by those tracking it to the hurricane which hit Louisiana with appalling force was also "Audrey."

AN AMERICAN NUCLEAR EXERCISE CALLED OFF: U.S. marines on the American atomic testing ground in Nevada hear the news transmitted to one of their number that they can "stand down." They were some of a detachment of 2,000 scheduled to take part in an exercise under nuclear combat conditions following the explosion of an atomic device. However, it misfired. Behind is one of the helicopters which was to have carried them forward.

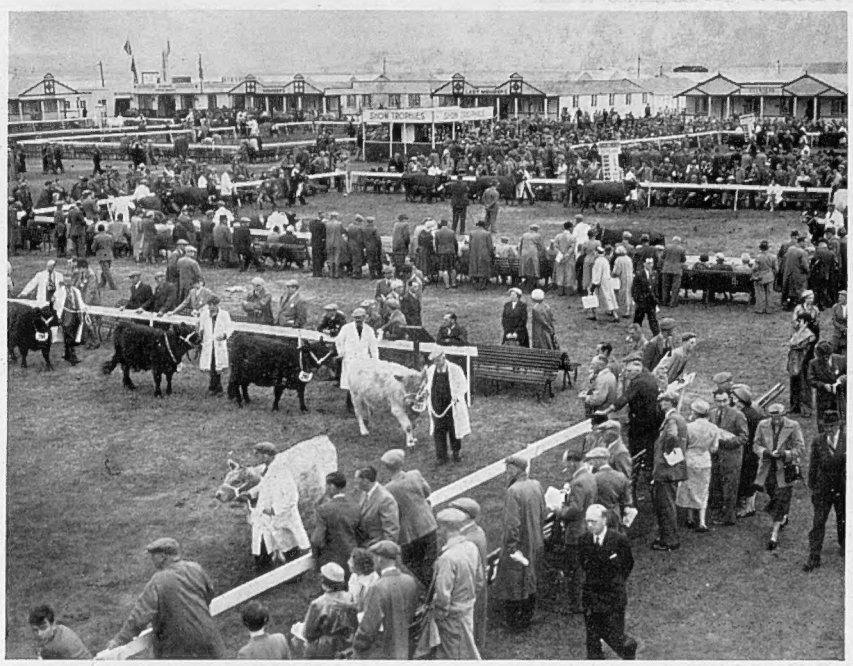


RESCUE WORK AT A COAL-MINE: Equipment has been rushed to the "Betsy" mine of the Powhatan Coal Co. at Fernwood, near Steubenville, in Ohio, after five men had been trapped underground. In the background, left centre, a giant drill is forcing a 36-in. opening through the face at the rate of 150 ft. an hour. To the right in the face rescuers are going into the main entrance. Some 300 ft. of the roof had caved in and blocked the passage. Of the eight men working in the area three escaped. The five who were trapped were reported alive some hours later.

PROGRESS IN THE MODERNISATION OF BRITISH RAILWAYS: Mr. Harold Watkinson, the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, is seen opening the British Transport Commission's Modern Railway Exhibition at Battersea Wharf goods depot, in London. Behind is one of the new passenger coaches which are to be tried out on British Railways. The exhibition, which was held last week-end, included latest types of locomotives, inter-city diesel trains and the waiting-room, ticket-office and lounge buffet of the future. Mr. Watkinson in his speech said that he hoped that the display would encourage greater use of the railways, which was essential if they were to be run at the "economic peak." In spite of increasing fares he considered rail travel was still "a good bargain." British Railways plan to replace 25,000 old coaches with 20,000 new ones by 1962.

AN UP-TO-DATE TRAIN SPOTTER: At the Railway Exhibition at Battersea, the youngster notes for his records the Deltic 3,300-h.p. diesel-electric locomotive. It is the most powerful to have been made in Great Britain.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



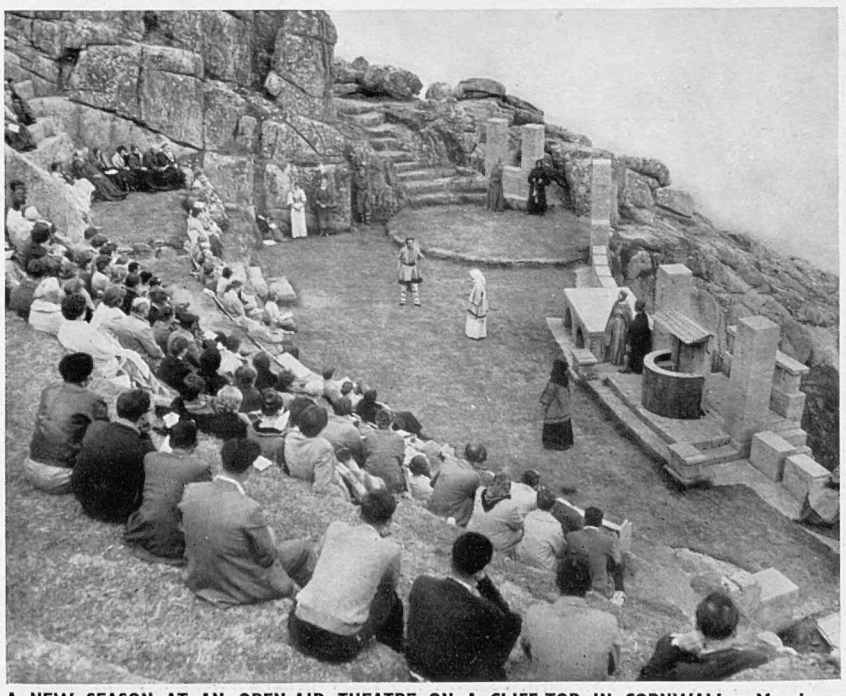
JUDGING AT THE ROYAL HIGHLAND SHOW: Cattle are in the ring at Dundee during the Royal Highland Show which was opened by the Queen Mother. She made an extensive tour of the various stands. Among the demonstrations she saw Mr. Godfrey Bowen, the New Zealand sheep-shearing expert, clip a sheep in 62 seconds, and the Musical Ride of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. In the show ring, the Aberdeen-Angus cattle, of which breed society the Queen Mother is Patroness, obtained first place in the beef breeds. In the dairy teams British Friesian were first and Ayrshire second.

A HUNT PUPPY SHOW IN SURREY: Couples are being judged in the ring at Upper Eashing, near Godalming, in Surrey, during the Chiddingfold Farmers' Hunt Puppy Show. The judges are Mrs. H. Gregson, M.F.H. Crawley and Horsham Hunt and, on her right, Jim Goddard, Huntsman of the Surrey Union. On Mrs. Gregson's left is Mr. F. Raymond Stovold, Master of the Chiddingfold Hunt. During the show he accepted on behalf of the Hunt the horse Slogger presented by the Hunt Footsloggers' Club.

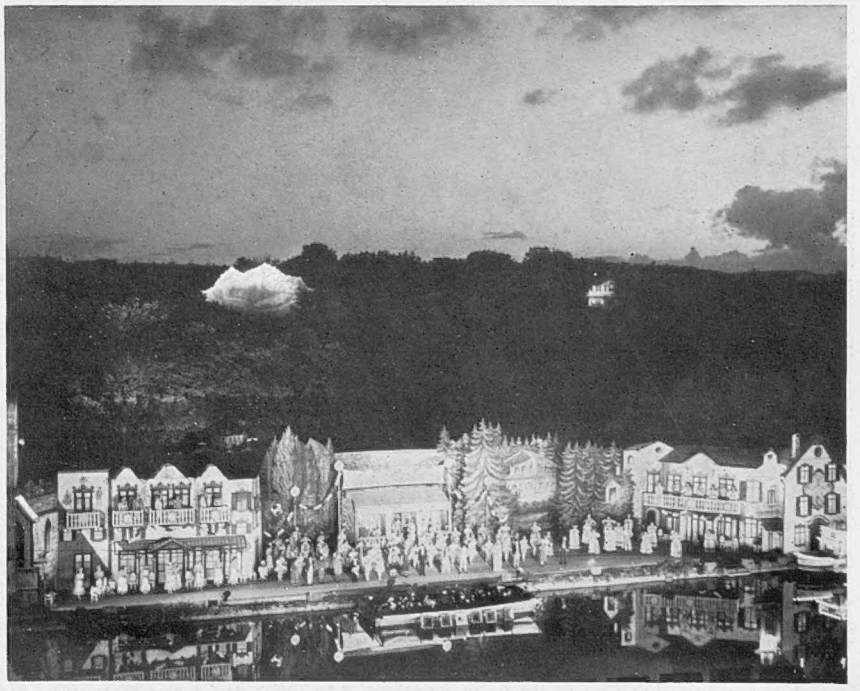
GENZANO'S FLORAL CARPET: The decorative carpet, composed of multi-coloured flowers, nears completion on the cobblestones of the Via Livia in the small Italian town near Rome. It formed part of the town's festivities in honour of Corpus Christi.

On left—

A SCOOTER RALLY AT WOBURN ABBEY: The Duke and Duchess of Bedford set off for a scooter ride in the grounds of their Bedfordshire home during the National Rally of the Vespa Club of Britain. There were more than 1,000 scooters at the rally last Sunday, and they came from all parts of the country. Altogether the Abbey had over 20,000 visitors.



A NEW SEASON AT AN OPEN-AIR THEATRE ON A CLIFF-TOP IN CORNWALL: Members of the Cornwall Religious Drama Fellowship are performing Christopher Fry's *The Boy With a Cart*, at the Minack Cliff Theatre, which overlooks the sea at Porthcurno, near Land's End. Those taking part in the production remain anonymous. The performance marked the opening of the current season at the cliff-top theatre.



A LAKESIDE SPECTACLE AT AN EAST COAST HOLIDAY RESORT: A general view of the floodlit stage at Scarborough's open-air theatre during a performance of *The White Horse Inn*, which is being presented on each Monday and Thursday throughout the season. There is a cast of over 200, and much attention is given to lighting effects. The stage is set on an island in a lake and is separated from the audience by 60 ft. of water.

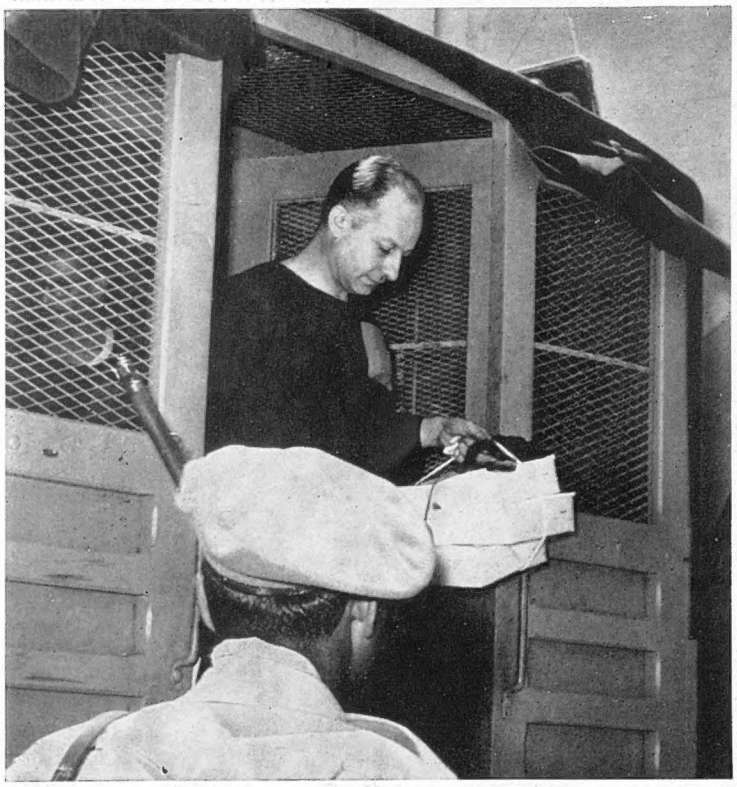
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

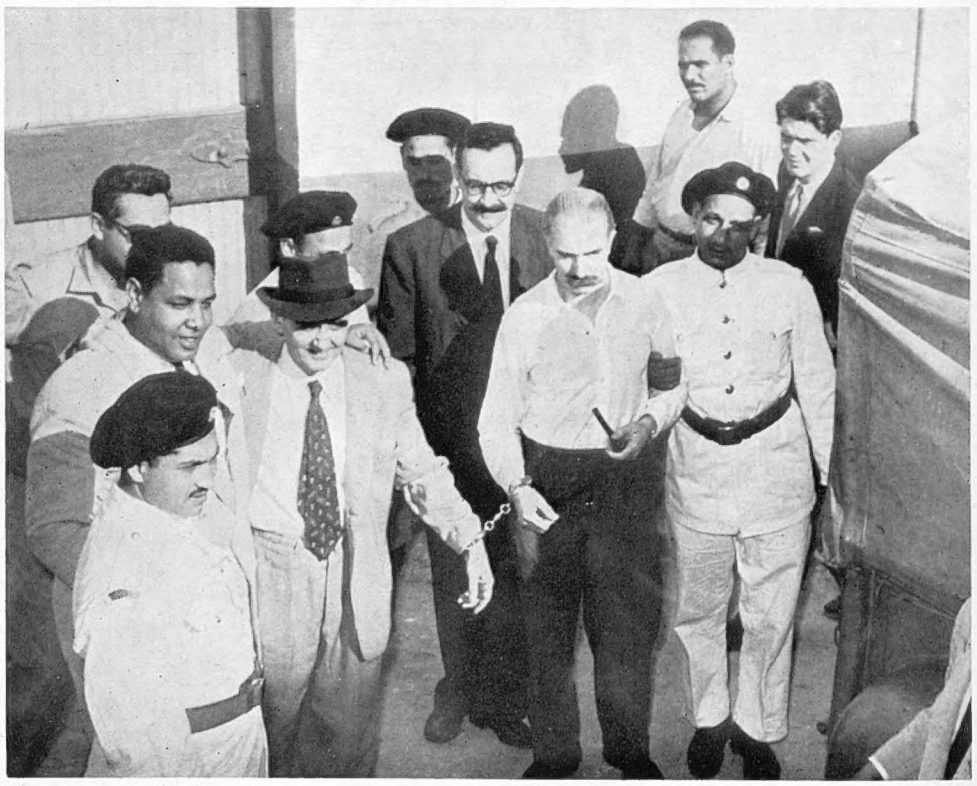
THE CASE OF THE WIRE-TAPPED BARRISTER: Mr. Patrick Marrinan (centre) arrives at Lincoln's Inn on the opening day of the hearings by the Benchers of the inquiry, in which his professional conduct was to be the subject. With him are his advisers, Mr. F. Ashe Lincoln, Q.C. (right), and Mr. Michael Havers. Mr. Marrinan appeared on five counts, the first alleging against him "conduct unbecoming to a gentleman and a barrister." The other counts also concerned allegations about his professional behaviour. But long before the Benchers gathered in Lincoln's Inn last week, the case of Mr. Marrinan had given rise to a constitutional issue. It had been revealed, as a result of questions in the Commons, that telephone calls he had made had been "tapped" (i.e., listened into by the police) and a transcript of them made available to the Bar Council. Members of both sides of the House had questioned the prerogative power of authorising the tapping of telephone calls. The Prime Minister made it clear that he recognised the importance of plainly defining the limits of a necessary power and invited the Opposition Leaders to meet him with a view to reaching an agreed solution on an all-party basis. With their approval, he announced, a special inquiry.

PRESIDING AT LINCOLN'S INN: Mr. Justice Roxburghe, the Treasurer of the Bench, is on his way to preside over the hearings into Mr. Marrinan's professional conduct which ended last Saturday.

SMOKING AS THE CAUSE OF LUNG CANCER—AN IMPORTANT GOVERNMENT STATEMENT: Mr. John Vaughan-Morgan (centre), Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Ministry of Health (deputising for his Minister, who was ill), addresses a Press Conference in London on the subject of the relation between tobacco and carcinoma of the lung. Left is Sir John Charles, Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry, and, right, Sir Harold Himsworth, Secretary of the Medical Research Council. Mr. Vaughan-Morgan was answering questions about the statement he had just made in the Commons. In it he said that the Government have accepted the Medical Research Council's finding that a major part of the great increase in lung cancer among men during the past twenty-five years has been due to smoking tobacco, particularly heavy cigarette smoking. He added that the Government feel it right to ensure that this latest authoritative opinion is brought effectively to public notice. Nearly £700,000,000 a year comes to the National revenue from taxes on tobacco.

AMERICAN DIPLOMATIST EXPELLED FROM BUDAPEST: Colonel W. F. Dallam (centre), United States Air Attaché in the Hungarian capital, arrives with his wife (second from left) at Nickelsdorf, on the Austrian side of the Hungarian border. On right is Lieut.-Colonel R. D. Vorhees, Assistant Air Attaché at the U.S. Embassy in Vienna, and, on left, Mrs. McCroskey, wife of the U.S. Air Attaché there. Colonel Dallam had been declared persona non grata by the Hungarian Government and ordered to leave Hungary within six days. The note demanding his withdrawal accused him of espionage. Colonel Dallam described the charges as "utterly ridiculous."

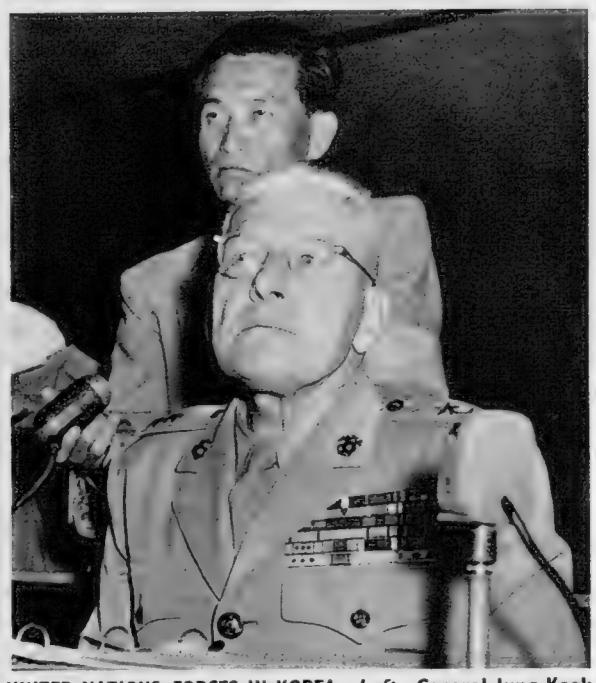




AFTER THE VERDICTS IN THE CAIRO SPY TRIAL: *Left*—Mr. James Zarb, one of the British accused, alights from the Egyptian police truck at the Turreh Prison in Cairo, after hearing from the Court that he was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Another Briton, Mr. James Swinburn, received five years' penal servitude. *Right*—Two of the Britons acquitted leave the court in Cairo still handcuffed to police officers. In the centre foreground is Mr. John Thornton Stanley (holding pipe) and behind him is Mr. Charles Pittuck (in dark suit). Of the eleven Egyptian defendants in the trial, one had been condemned to death and the remainder given sentences of imprisonment varying from life to three years. Four other Britons were tried *in absentia*. All the defendants had been accused of obtaining secret military information on behalf of Britain. There was some delay in the release of Mr. Stanley and Mr. Pittuck. This was understood to be due to the fact that the Egyptian Public Prosecutor was legally allowed a certain period in which to appeal against the verdicts. However, early last Monday morning the two Britons reached London by air from Cairo.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE LOCAL ELECTIONS IN EAST GERMANY: Herr Pieck, President of the East German People's Republic, casts his vote in Berlin during the local elections in East Germany. The result of the poll showed that the Government lists had gained 99·52 per cent. of the votes. Opposition lists were not permitted. Electors could either vote for the single lists of Communists and their puppets, or deface the ballot paper. There were reports of many complaints in East Germany that the elections were a farce.



MODERN ARMS FOR UNITED NATIONS FORCES IN KOREA: *Left*—General Jung Kook Rok, wearing a sky-blue Russian-style uniform, arrives as Chief North Korean delegate for a meeting of the Military Armistice Commission in Panmunjon, in Korea. *Right*—General Litzenberg, the Senior United Nations member, holds a Press conference after announcing to the Commission that the United Nations no longer considered itself bound by the armistice clauses against replacement of outmoded weapons by newer types. The reason for this was the Communists' "flagrant, repeated and wilful violations" of these provisions. He said that in North Korea the Communists were known to have 400 MiG fighter aircraft where four years ago they had had none. General Litzenberg added that the U.N. would continue to observe fully the cease-fire provision of the armistice agreement. Immediately afterwards modern American jets and other equipment were sent to U.N. Forces in Korea.

HONORARY DEGREES AT OXFORD: Walking in procession to the Sheldonian are, from the left, Sir Christopher Hinton, Managing Director of the Industrial Group of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority; Sir Roger Makins, formerly British Ambassador in Washington; Sir Laurence Olivier, the actor; Lord Waverley, and Lord Heyworth, Chairman of Unilever Limited. They were about to have honorary Doctorates conferred upon them by the Chancellor, Lord Halifax. Each was introduced by the Public Orator's Deputy, Mr. Bryan-Brown, of Worcester College. An honorary Doctorate was also conferred on Professor J. F. Fulton, Sterling Professor of the History of Medicine at Yale University, U.S.A.

AN ANCIENT CEREMONY IN THE CITY OF LONDON: Lord Simon presents the Knollys Rose to the Lord Mayor, Sir Cullum Welch, at the Mansion House. In the centre is the Rev. P. B. Clayton, Vicar of All-Hallows-by-the-Tower, who revived this ancient ceremony in 1923. The custom dates to the fourteenth century when Sir Robert Knollys, a veteran of the Battle of Crecy, made additions to his property in Seething Lane without permission of the Corporation and was fined "a rose fresh pluck't to be paid yearly." The presentation in the modern ceremony is usually made by a prominent City personality.

THE ELECTION OF SHERIFFS FOR THE CITY OF LONDON: *Left*—The traditional procession carrying bouquets walks to Guildhall, in the City of London, for the annual election of Sheriffs. *Right*—Mr. Deputy S. R. Walker, citizen and Founder, speaks after his election to Sheriff's office. The other new Sheriff elected was Mr. A. G. Clifton-Brown, Alderman and Merchant Taylor. This year the customary gathering of the liverymen of Guilds in Common Hall was enlivened by some unusual proceedings. A liveryman of the Paviors' Company asked questions about the carrying of the mace before the Lord Mayor. He was informed that the matters raised would be examined.

THE GIANT STRUCTURE IN CHESHIRE WHICH WILL PROBE THE SECRETS OF OUTER SPACE: The huge steel bowl reflector is the central feature of the radio-telescope at Jodrell Bank. The largest of its kind in the world, it was handed over last week to radio-astronomers and other Manchester University scientists, and should be fully operational by October.

WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO-TELESCOPE

A Unique Construction Towers Above the Cheshire Countryside

It seems fair to anticipate that the gigantic structure at Jodrell Bank will soon be added to the wonders of the modern world under the nickname of SPARR, derived from the initial letters of its full title—the steerable paraboloid altazimuth radio reflector. Easily the largest mobile radio-telescope ever built anywhere, it stands on high ground in Cheshire. Surrounded by fields in which cows graze unconcerned, it looks like some preparation for a super fun-fair, a combination of the Prater wheel in Vienna with a "Wall of Death" speed track placed on top of it. The main features are the reflector bowl and its supporting towers. The bowl is paved inside with a reflecting surface. At the core or centre of the bowl is a radio mast on a tower. So that this circular structure, 250 ft. in diameter, can be fully steerable or mobile it is mounted or pivoted between two 180-ft. towers. In their turn, the towers are mounted on bogies which can move round on a circular railway track. The whole construction—1,000 tons of lattice towers and 800 tons of bowl—can be rotated slowly through 360 degrees, while the bowl can be rocked between the towers and trained on any point in the sky. Suspended below the bowl is a laboratory which remains on an even keel throughout all operations. Electronic control is exercised from the control room some little distance away by the simple process of pushing buttons and pressing switches.

Manchester University and the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research are jointly responsible for this project, which has been designed by Husband and Company, of Sheffield and London, and built of steel fabricated by United Steel Structural Company, of Scunthorpe. It has now been handed over to radio-astronomers, who hope to have it in full operation by next October.

The function of the telescope is twofold. The bowl can receive radio waves emitted by such bodies as the stars, the sun and distant nebulæ, and it can also act as a transmitter. Secondly, it is a huge radar set. It is said that it could easily register an object the size of an aircraft from as far away as the moon. What is certain is that with the telescope on Jodrell Bank, scientists will be able to probe further than ever before into the mysteries of the Universe.

INSIDE THE BOWL: The final plates are being laid in the reflector, in the centre of which are the lattice tower and aerial. Together they reach a height of 62½ ft. Radio waves reflected from the bowl are focused on the aerial.

A TRIUMPH OF BRITISH ENGINEERING DESIGN AND C... steerable telescope in the world. It pivots between... slowly through 360 degrees. Beneath the bowl is a...

PUSH-BUTTON CONTROL OF 1,800 TONS OF STEEL: In the control room at Jodrell Bank the buttons and switches control the mobility of the huge telescope behind. A push or a pull on the panel can point the bowl reflector in any direction and even turn it upside down. Total weight of the movable structure is 1,800 tons. *On left*—The view is from the girders of the bowl over the Cheshire countryside.

ONSTRUCTION: Cows browse undisturbed by the radio-telescope in Cheshire. The bowl is 250 ft. in diameter and is three times larger than any other completely mobile or wo 180-ft.-high steel lattice towers, which are supported on bogies travelling on a 352-ft.-diameter circular railway track. Thus the whole structure of 1,800 tons can be rotated aboratory is suspended. It remains on even keel throughout all motions of the bowl. Designed by Husband and Company, the steel was fabricated by United Steel Structural Company.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

Yugoslav Journey.—For many English people, knowledge of Yugoslavia consists mainly of a trip down the Dalmatian coast and a short stay at Split or Dubrovnik. And certainly this is a most beautiful part of the country, rich in history and ancient architecture, and blessed with a perfect climate. The Yugoslavs are doing all they can to increase the popularity of this area, by building modern hotels, improving communications, and generally raising the standard of comfort. I only hope the process will not be taken too far, since one of the best attractions of Yugoslavia is the simplicity and unaffectedness of its people, who still look on foreigners with an unmaterialistic eye. At least that was my experience in a short visit I paid to Croatia at the end of May.

Since the purpose of my visit was official, I had no time to disport myself on the shores of the Adriatic, but travelled by train all the way from Ostend, through Germany and Austria, to Zagreb—taking 36 hours to get there. Although the seats were hard and the food expensive, all these discomforts were amply recompensed by the stark magnificence of the Alpine scenery between Salzburg and Villach, and by the charm of the Austrian officials who almost apologised for having to look at one's ticket and passport. It was, therefore, a slight shock when entering Slovenia, the first of the Yugoslav republics, to be confronted at the Customs with sheaves of forms in duplicate for the registration of currency, cameras and other things; also to undergo quite a severe inspection by officials who poked about the luggage-racks and even looked under the seats—for what? My complete inability to speak Serbo-Croat was also a bore, and I felt it was unfriendly of me not even to be able to say "Good Day" or "Thank You." Even at the end of my stay, I had not managed to pick up more than half a dozen phrases; but I soon found that German was the *lingua franca*, and this made life much easier.

Zagreb.—But what made life so extraordinarily pleasant, from the very first morning after my arrival at Zagreb, was the spontaneous friendliness and generosity of everyone I met. There was no doubt, too, of the warmth of feeling towards Britain, and an intense interest in things British. Although German is still the chief second language, it may not remain so much longer. At Zagreb University there are over 900 students reading English, easily the largest language department. The reading room and public library run by the British Council are thronged with people all day, and the Yugoslav Service of the B.B.C. is avidly listened to for news, commentaries and English lessons. The secret here is the complete absence of propaganda. I only wish the currency regulations would permit a wider circulation of English books, which are comparatively scarce and expensive to buy. But all books are expensive in Yugoslavia.

Zagreb itself is a large provincial town, geographically divided into the High Town and the Low Town. The latter comprises all the business and most of the residential area, and covers the flat ground on the left bank of the River Sava. In this part the town is growing fast, with many new industries and blocks of flats, and a permanent site for the International Trade Fair. The High Town, as the name indicates, is built on a hill to the north and is the old quarter. Here I was soon able to lose myself in a maze of little streets, cobbled roads, and charming aristocratic houses, redolent of the old Austrian Empire. There were many reminders, too, of the medieval past of Zagreb, which was in the thick of the Turkish drive towards Vienna, but never fell to the invaders. Most of the old buildings have been preserved and converted for modern use as offices and schools. Some of these are illustrated on the opposite page.

Croatian Countryside.—As I was there to learn what I could about peasant and State farms, I was kept busy on expeditions into the country, sometimes as far as 150 miles away. I was soon deep in statistics about production and manpower, types of livestock and the impact of mechanisation on traditional farm practice. All this is too technical to reproduce here. One Sunday, however, I was given a somewhat less serious view of country life. I became the guest of a professor of economics, a man of great learning with close knowledge of England, whose weekly diversion consisted of a tramp into the range of hills, called Slieme, which lie on the north side of the town. Equipped with the traditional rucksack, we left the house about nine o'clock, and took a tram to its eastern terminus. From there we set off on a walk through a series of delightful villages, not dissimilar from those in Austria, and bearing evident signs of prosperity.

I gathered that the peasants here did better than most, since at least one member of the family earned wages in Zagreb, while the remainder made a living on the land. They also sold a quantity of vegetables and fruit in the town. It seemed to be the best of both worlds. But they had to work hard. The land was far from fertile and in places very steep; but even the ridges were cultivated or terraced, and there was hardly an acre undug or ungrazed. About eleven o'clock, the professor and I reached a place called Markusevac, where we stopped to look at the church. It was the usual white stone building with an onion spire, not badly kept, and busy at that moment with a wedding. We stood by for a short time. The bride wore a beautiful head-dress and other finery, while the groom and his party were dressed in white linen coats and trousers, tucked into half-boots. As no one seemed to be in a hurry to start, we then left the church and slaked our thirst with sour wine in the pub, where a group of non-churchgoers were sitting round their drinks and striking up a desultory tune with violins and guitars. The professor assured me that this might go on for days.

By now the sun was really hot, and we were glad to start climbing into the hills, which were covered with magnificent beech trees in full green leaf. The shade was most comforting, likewise the little streams that gushed out of the banks here and there. We reached the top in the early afternoon, and ate our sandwiches at a hut, where there were rough plank tables and forms on the green outside. We also drank a species of junket, which was most refreshing. Later on we walked all along the central ridge of Slieme, nearly 3,000 ft. high, with fine views north and south, and eventually found our way in the evening right back to the tram terminus, whence we had started the day. I think we walked for about seven hours, certainly I had not done such serious tramping since certain route-marches of hideous memory. But on this occasion it had been a lovely day, and exceedingly worthwhile.

Tournament of Ancient Sports.—Such was the title of a recent afternoon's entertainment at Dartington Hall, in Devon, where I discharge my duties as historian and archivist. The Hall itself is a fourteenth-century manor house, built round an inner court of great size and beauty, the work of John Holland, half-brother of Richard II. Holland was a renowned jouster, and a contest of his against a French knight, Sir Reginald de Roye, is recounted at length by Froissart. It is exceedingly likely therefore that he constructed a tilt-yard at Dartington, and informed opinion locates it in a broad dell on the south side of the buildings. This dell was turned into an Italian garden in the sixteenth century, and by the Victorian era had been divided into two—an upper garden laid out in formal flower beds, and a sunken garden which tradition says was used for a time for bull- and bear-baiting.

When Mr. and Mrs. Elmhirst purchased the Dartington estate in 1925, the gardens as a whole were in a sorry state and demanded much reconstruction. Among other bold changes, the dell was re-designed as an open-air theatre: the auditorium consisting of a series of grass flats flanked by terraces, descending towards a wide stage, with wings and back-cloth of clipped yew. It was a most beautiful place and became the focus of the entire garden design. However, Devon weather is rarely accommodating, and only a handful of plays were performed there in a matter of thirty years. So, two years ago, the auditorium was bulldozed into a level floor of lawn, approaching as nearly as could be estimated the dimensions of the original tilt-yard.

The tournament staged last month was by way of celebrating the new design, and it also took place on Foundation Day, an annual gathering of all members of the estate. A "Royal box" was constructed for the Elmhirsts and honoured guests, who sportingly donned medieval dress, while half a dozen teams were recruited from among residents, all garbed in gay and distinctive colours.

ANCIENT SPORTS AT DARTINGTON HALL: Two young "medieval knights" on their caparisoned "mounts" strike with their lances at a quintain during the recent tournament of Ancient Sports in the new "tilt-yard." In the background are some of the magnificent yews known as "The Twelve Apostles." The tilt-yard at Dartington Hall, in Devon, has been made on the site of what used to be the open-air theatre.

Family Records.—I have recently come into possession of no fewer than ten large trunks of family papers, drawings, photos and miscellanea. Although it means a lot of work sorting them all out, it will be a labour of love, and of great interest, too. I have already unearthed some delightful photos of farming about the turn of the century, many curious portraits, a family newspaper, and records of the Franco-Prussian War, at which my grandfather was present as a Red Cross commissioner. There are also diaries kept by a forebear who witnessed the agricultural risings of 1830 in the neighbourhood of Alton and Petersfield. Such is the stuff of history, if only one can find the time to write it.

AROUND ZAGREB

A Picturesque Yugoslav Town and its Environs

Below—

ANCIENT AND MODERN: Stone Gate is the name of the narrow cobbled hill in Zagreb. It runs from the High Town or Old Quarter past many ancient buildings to the Low Town or New Quarter, some of the roofs of which are in the far background. The High Town is a maze of cobbled streets and charming houses, reminders of Zagreb's association in the past with both the Turkish and the Austrian Empires. The Low Town is on the level ground on the left bank of the River Sava. It is a rapidly growing business and residential area, with many new industries and blocks of flats. The population of Zagreb is about 354,000. It is the second largest town in Yugoslavia, being exceeded in size only by Belgrade, the capital (population 479,000).

A CROATIAN VILLAGE: It is situated near Zagreb, in Northern Yugoslavia, and is typical of its kind. The land is intensely cultivated, not because the soil is particularly fertile, but owing to the density of the peasant population. Over 80 per cent. of the inhabitants of Yugoslavia live and work on the land. It will be noticed in the picture that there are a great many small plots on the slopes of the hill, some of them no bigger than an allotment. By the laws of inheritance the whole of a man's property is divided among his sons at his death. Thus one peasant farmer can own a number of plots dotted over an extensive area. Victor Bonham-Carter, in his article on the opposite page, describes his recent visit to Yugoslavia. He stresses the people's great friendliness to, and interest in, Britain. He found the B.B.C. Yugoslav Service has a large listening public.

IN OLD ZAGREB: The houses in this street in the Old Quarter were once the homes of members of the aristocracy or wealthy merchants. Now many of the buildings are being converted into offices or schools or quarters for institutions. Zagreb is capital of the Federal unit of Croatia.

COUNTRY SCENES IN NORTHERN YUGOSLAVIA: *Left*—Of these buildings in a village near Zagreb the one in the background is old, the other in the foreground new. The courtyard is enclosed by a stone wall or palings. *Right*—The low-roofed dwelling is an indication that the peasants still lead a hard life in conditions of considerable poverty. Tito's Independent Communist Government is carrying out a large-scale programme to introduce mechanisation and other new methods into agriculture.

A GREAT SCHEME IS ENVISAGED FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE DOCKS AT MILFORD HAVEN: In this aerial view of the docks at the Pembrokeshire port, the numbered a (described below on right) indicates the site for the extension which has been planned by the Milford Docks Company. At present the plan, and two oth submitted from big oil companies, are awaiting the approval of Parliament. If approval is given, Milford Haven is likely to become one of the great oil ports of Euro

THE NEW QUAY AND TERMINAL BUILDINGS AT TILBURY DOCKS, IN ESSEX: The *St. Katharine* is seen alongside the new buildings as Viscount Waverley, Chairman of the Port of London Authority, arrived for the opening ceremony. The quay and buildings have special foundations which have been sunk through clay and peat to the gravel and chalk. On the quay there are four 3-ton and one 5-ton electric cranes, and inside the cargo transit sheds there is a combined floor space of 48,800 sq. ft. The extension has cost £1,590,000. Last year 59,000 passengers arrived and 63,200 embarked at Tilbury.

THE PLAN FOR MILFORD HAVEN

Plans for the Enlargement of the Pembroke-shire Port; Tilbury Extensions, and a Long To

The intention to make the Pembrokeshire seaport Milford Haven the distribution centre for Europe's has been taken a step further. Three separate Bills projects costing more than £35,000,000 have been submitt to Parliament by the Milford Docks Company, the Briti Petroleum Company and Esso Petroleum, and it is believ that the answer will be given later this month. If appro is given, the dock installations would be improved so th they could take 100,000-ton tankers. As Milford Hav is regarded as the finest natural harbour in England a Wales, there would be sufficient room for the ships manœuvre. In the picture at the top of this page t numbered area outside the entrance to the dock shows t site for part of the development plan. Figure No. 1 mar the site for the new dry-dock, which would be 1,000 ft. lo and 150 ft. wide, and capable of servicing the worl largest tankers; No. 2, which is ultimately designed become another dry-dock, would be used for the time be as a wet berth; No. 3 is a cleaning berth for dischargi oil sludge and gas, and No. 4 is another wet berth f tankers up to 30,000 tons. The sites for other improveme are indicated in the picture on the opposite page.

At Popton Point, on the north shore opposite Milfo Haven Harbour, the British Petroleum Company planning to build a £5,000,000 tanker terminal. Oil fr the terminal would be pumped through a new pipe-line the refinery at Llandarcy. The Esso Petroleum's proj is for a refinery and tanker terminal near Gelliwick, and estimated cost is £25,000,000. In addition to all these pla development schemes are also proposed by other industri

THE END OF A LONG, SLOW TOW : The 9,306-ton *Captain Hobson*, with 594 British migrants on board, approaches Auckland, New Zealand, while under tow by the 10,663-ton Port Line freighter *Port Macquarie*. The freighter had gone to the assistance of the *Captain Hobson* when her engines had broken down about 570 miles east of Auckland. On the right is the New Zealand minesweeper *Stawell*, which had also gone to her assistance and which remained in attendance during the long towing operations.

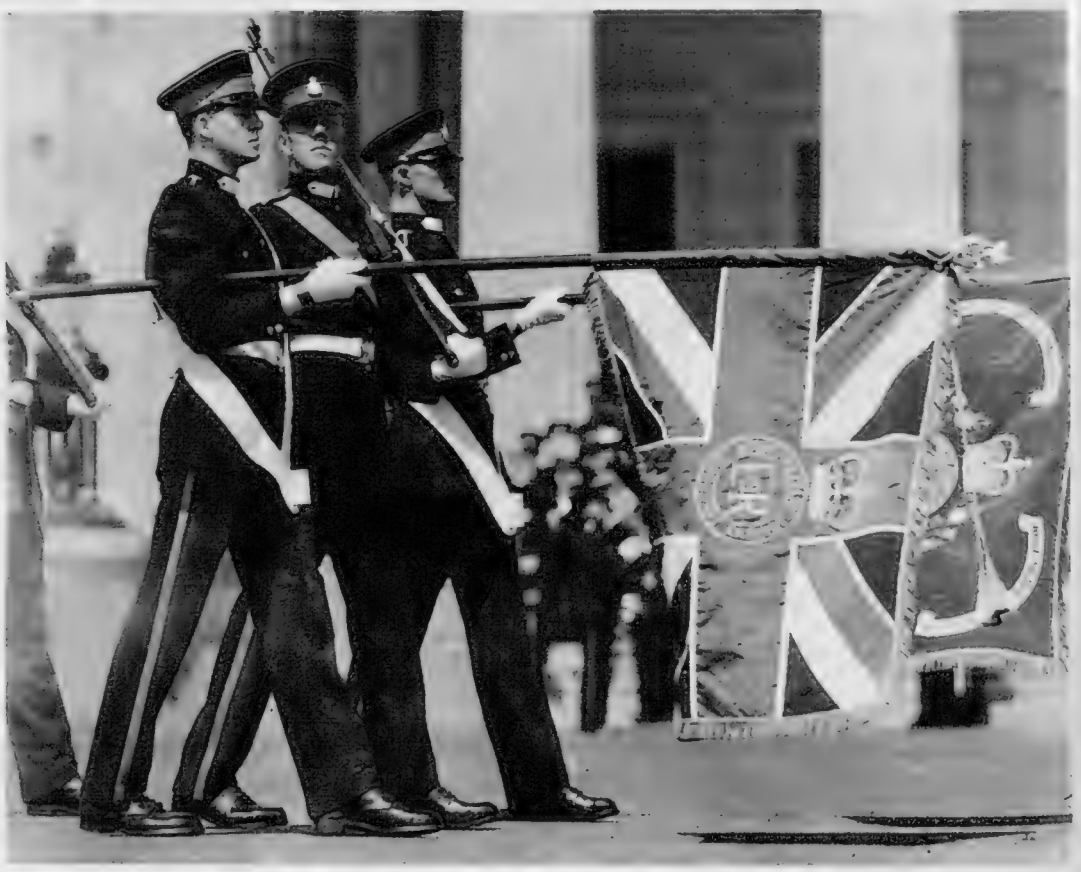
THE ENTRANCE TO THE DOCKS AT MILFORD HAVEN : In the proposals for this area there are several major schemes. In the foreground, the existing dry-dock on the left will be made into two sections with a direct entrance from the sea ; an extensive trawler quay and fish-market will be built along the right-hand side of the dock, and a main jetty will be constructed on the left-hand side, near the bridge. In the centre background, beyond the bridge, land is being reclaimed for industrial development.

NEW COLOURS FOR SANDHURST

The Queen, Accompanied by Prince Philip, Makes the Presentation at the Royal Military Academy

THE ROYAL INSPECTION: The Queen inspects the parade of cadets at the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst before presenting new Colours. Her Majesty, who was making her first visit to the Academy as Sovereign, was accompanied by Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh. On arrival they were met by the Lord-Lieutenant for Berkshire, Mr. H. A. Benyon; the Secretary of State for War, Mr. John Hare, and the Commandant, Major-General R. W. Urquhart.

THE PRESENTATION OF THE NEW QUEEN'S COLOUR: It is being received from the Queen by Junior Under-Officer J. J. Edmonds-Hackworth. The new Regimental Colour was subsequently handed to Junior Under-Officer N. R. Neate. *On left*—After the Consecration of the Colours and the handing-over ceremony the Queen, standing before the pile of drums, addresses the cadets. The Consecration was by the Chaplain-General to the Forces, Canon V. J. Pike.



THE MARCH-PAST: *Left*—The Queen, accompanied on the dais by Prince Philip and Major-General R. W. Urquhart, takes the salute. *Right*—The New Colours are carried by the two junior under-officers in the march-past. Earlier, the Old Colours had been trooped along the lines of officer cadets and marched off the ground to the Old Building to the playing of "Auld Lang Syne." There were 800 officer cadets on parade and the ceremony was watched by several thousands of people.

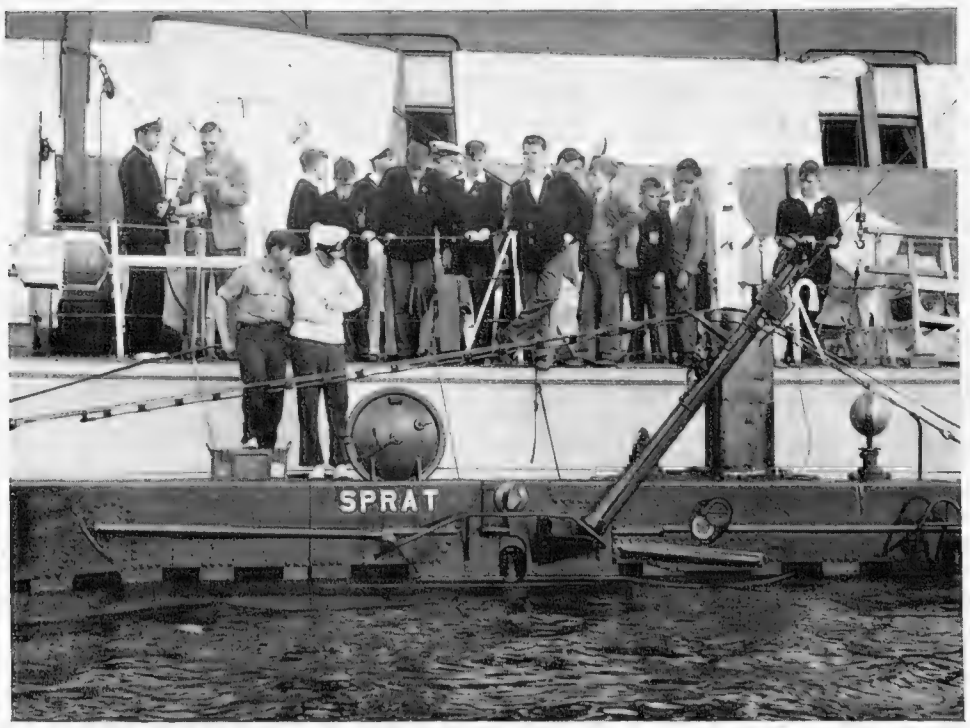
A MIDGET "SUB" IN THE THAMES

Schoolchildren Watch Her Dive in the River Near the Royal Festival Hall

Parties of schoolboys in London and Richmond have recently been watching one of the Navy's five-man midget submarines, H.M.S. *Sprat*, in operation on the River Thames. From the deck of the submarine's escort vessel, H.M.S. *Aberford*, a Seaward Defence Boat, they were able to see the interior of the little craft while she was alongside. The submarine carried out a number of demonstration dives in King's Reach near the Festival Hall pier for the benefit of the young visitors, and later she visited Richmond. Because of the small size of the submarine it was necessary to limit the number of visitors to about 120 daily. The wartime role of a midget submarine was to attack at close quarters enemy shipping in harbours and anchorages. The small size of these craft greatly increased their chances of underwater approach and withdrawal without detection. Two of these midget submarines, out of an attacking force of four, succeeded in torpedoing and seriously damaging the German battleship *Tirpitz* in 1943. The midgets were towed by submarines 1,000 miles and then left to navigate the last few miles to the target under their own power through confined waters which were heavily protected.

A MIDGET SUBMARINE COMES ALONGSIDE HER ESCORT VESSEL: An officer standing at the bows of H.M.S. *Sprat*, a Royal Navy midget submarine, prepares to throw a rope to a member of the crew of H.M.S. *Aberford*, a Seaward Defence Boat, acting as a tender. H.M.S. *Sprat* was giving demonstration dives and receiving parties of schoolchildren on board at Greenhithe, in Kent, and, later, when she came up the River Thames, near the pier at the Royal Festival Hall. She also paid a call at Richmond.

H.M.S. "SPRAT" IN MID-RIVER: The Commanding Officer of H.M.S. *Sprat*, Lieutenant H. H. R. Brill, R.N., salutes from the deck of his submarine before she comes alongside her escort vessel. The submarine came from Sheerness for a visit which lasted ten days. She was launched in 1955 and is one of four of her type. Her dimensions are 53 ft. 10½ ins. overall by 6 ft. 3½ ins. beam.



SCHOOLCHILDREN ON BOARD AN ESCORT VESSEL: A party of schoolchildren on the deck of H.M.S. *Aberford*, acting as an escort, get a close look at the midget submarine alongside. The visits by children from various schools were arranged by the L.C.C. and local education departments.

A REST FOR THE COMMANDING OFFICER: The Commanding Officer of H.M.S. *Sprat*, Lieutenant Brill, is seen with his left arm resting on the "bridge" apparatus. Lieutenant Brill comes from Kensington, in London.

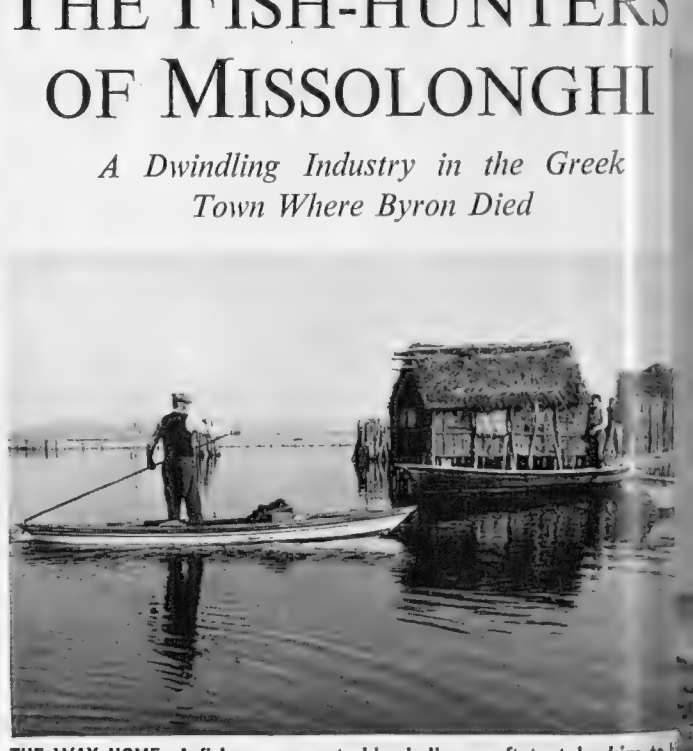
THE START OF A FISH HUNT: Owner and craft set out from Missolonghi, on the Gulf of Patras, in Greece, where Byron died in 1824. The curiously-rigged structure above the boat is called the "stephnokari." It consists of nets tied to cross-bars attached to a boom, which is let down into the water when it is too disturbed to see below the surface.

On right—
THE DIRECT METHOD: A spear brings up an impaled eel off Missolonghi. This method is used when the sea is calm. Patras Gulf is shallow in this particular area.

THE FISH-HUNTERS OF MISSOLONGHI

A Dwindling Industry in the Greek Town Where Byron Died

PRIMITIVE HOMES OF A POVERTY-STRICKEN PEOPLE: The fish-hunter and his family live in huts of this type, built on stilts in the sea from which he earns his bare subsistence. The wood employed in the construction of these dwellings is eucalyptus. The punts are used to go to and from land.



THE WAY HOME: A fisherman punts his shallow craft to take him to h hut on stilts. The primitive homes are thatched with straw twigs and the walls are built of wood or, more often, reed

Although nowadays the name of the town on the north of the Gulf of Patras, in Greece, is often spelt Mesolonghi or Mesolongion, in the English language it will always be Missolonghi. For it was here that Byron died in 1824. Like so many places which have associations with a single immortal name, one tends to assume that Missolonghi must live by Byron, and by nothing else. Although the poet is remembered there and has an honoured statue, such an assumption is entirely wrong. It is a commercial centre of no small importance, trading in currants and various other local products. Among them is fish.

The sea of the Gulf around Missolonghi is well-suited for fishing because it is very shallow for a considerable area. For generations the fishing industry was in the hands of inhabitants who called themselves fish-hunters. Byron no doubt in his last days must have seen them pulling their catches out of the sea. Modern methods are now superseding them. But some of the traditional fish-hunters remain. They have two ways of making their kills. One is when the sea is calm. The other for waters in more disturbed conditions. In both cases their craft are flat-bottomed punts.

On a tranquil day the hunter has a ten-pronged spear fixed to the end of a long bamboo pole. On arriving at a potential fishing-ground, he stands at the prow of his craft, holding the pole and spear poised over the surface. Apparently its long shadow disturbs the fish, and they panic and begin fleeing in all directions. This is the moment when the hunter demonstrates his skill. By either plunging or throwing his weapon, he spears his catch and very rarely does he miss.

In less calm conditions a different method is required, it being impossible for the fisherman to stand immobile on the prow of his boat or to see easily below the surface. So he rigs up an ingenious device known as the "stephnokari," which he hoists like a mast and sail. It consists of two lengths of cane tied crosswise and bent into arcs. The four ends are joined to a fine meshed net which is drawn taut by the spring action of the curved canes. The whole construction is attached to a runner, which is carried out to sea upright on a hinged boom. On the fishing-ground the hunter watches for the slightest sign of his prey, such as a bubble or some other disturbance of the surface, or he may simply rely on his sixth sense. At all events, when he considers the moment ripe the "stephnokari" is lowered in a matter of seconds into the sea and soon the net should be drawn taut by its catch.

But, it must be said, these methods of fishing bri no reasonable financial dividends. The Gulf of Patr has many fish, but few of size, and catches must be ma in the greatest quantity possible if they are to produ a livelihood for the fishermen. The Missolonghi fis hunters are obviously not capable of netting lar numbers in a single catch. In fact, these people li in extremely poor circumstances. They rarely ha homes on land. Instead they live on the sea fr which they earn their meagre livelihood—in huts of str and planks raised above the water on stilts of wo The stilts are made of eucalyptus because it has strong resistance to rot. The huts nearest the shore a connected to the land by rickety gangways of plank Other dwellers have to rely on punts.

It must be obvious that in the middle of the twenti century such means of fishing as these are hopelessly o dated. Into the Gulf of Patras have moved mode fishing enterprises. The traditional hunters, howeve have refused to join the new commercial fishing firm The result is that many hunters have emigrated and tho who remain are rapidly dwindling in numbers. They a in fact, a lost cause in Missolonghi. One has no dou that Byron, looking from his statue into the Gulf, giv them his full support.

:H PENS: These rolls of palings are unrolled at suitable times and set up to become pens in which fish coming inshore can be caught.

THE HUNTERS GO INTO THE ATTACK : Balanced on the prow of the craft the fishermen hold their spears, ready to use them in the shallow water at the slightest prospect of a "kill." The weapon has a long bamboo handle and the shoals are disturbed by its shadow. The hunter, when he sees a fish, plunges or throws the spear, and very rarely misses.

HE RETURN FROM A SUCCESSFUL FISHING EXPEDITION : Small sails have been hoisted on the craft to assist them in their homeward voyage from the Gulf of Patras past a small promontory outside Missolonghi. Although expert, the fish-hunters are employing out-of-date methods, and so rapidly dwindling in numbers. Faced with the extinction of their traditional industry, many are emigrating from Greece. The fishing off Missolonghi is more and more coming under the control of commercial combines which employ modern means and obtain from them practical financial results. Some of these new syndicates are reportedly obtaining a gross return of £57,000 a year.

THE SHOWGIRL: Marilyn Monroe, the Hollywood actress, as she appears as Elsie, the American showgirl, in *The Prince and the Showgirl* (the film version of Terence Rattigan's *The Sleeping Prince*), which had its London premiere at the Warner Theatre last week. Playing opposite Miss Monroe is Sir Laurence Olivier, who also produced and directed the film for Laurence Olivier Productions Ltd.

"THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL"

Sir Laurence Olivier and Marilyn Monroe in the Film Version of Terence Rattigan's "The Sleeping Prince"

The long-awaited film co-starring Sir Laurence Olivier and Miss Marilyn Monroe had its London première at the Warner Theatre last week, when the proceeds of the performance were given to the Actors' Orphanage and the Variety Artistes' Fund for Under-Privileged Children. The film, which is also produced and directed by Sir Laurence, is a romantic comedy about an American showgirl's love-affair with the Regent of a Balkan State who is in London at the time of the Coronation in 1911. Elsie (Marilyn Monroe) is seen on the stage by the Grand Duke Charles (Sir Laurence), who invites her to supper at the Embassy. Apart from the Duke's advances, she becomes acquainted with Carpathia's politics and is eventually involved in a plot of the boy King to depose the Regent, his father. Meanwhile she has been commanded by the Dowager Queen (Sybil Thorndike) to accompany Carpathia's Royal Family to the Coronation.

The film, which is in colour, has a rich setting, with the brilliant costumes of the period adding even greater splendour. Also prominent in the cast are Jeremy Spenser as the young boy King Nicholas; Richard Wattis as the man from the Foreign Office ; Esmond Knight as Hoffman, and thirty men of the 1st Battalion, Irish Guards, who take part in the big Coronation parade scene.

On right—

"THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL": Sir Laurence, as the Grand Duke Charles of the mythical kingdom of Carpathia, dances with Elsie at a ball in London during the 1911 Coronation.

FOR TESTING MODELS FOR THE DESIGN OF AIRCRAFT TO FLY AT NEARLY THREE TIMES THE SPEED OF SOUND : Across the centre runs the weirdly-shaped construction of huge pipes and tanks which form the wind tunnel at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Bedford. An extension to the Farnborough Establishment, it was opened by the Minister of Supply, Mr. Aubrey Jones, last week. The wind tunnel has been built to provide information for the design of aircraft or missiles from tests with models.

SUPERSONIC WIND TUNNEL

The Main Feature of the Royal Aircraft Establishment's Extension at Bedford

THE ROYAL AIRCRAFT ESTABLISHMENT'S £30,000,000 EXTENSION : The cooling towers and the heating system for a smaller wind tunnel are housed in the centre buildings. Bedford has cost £30,000,000. Besides the wind tunnel, the Establishment's extension at Bedford is also concerned with flight testing.

INSIDE THE WIND TUNNEL: Mr. J. Swan, the engineer in charge of the tunnel, aligns a test model inside the structure at Bedford. The tunnel is 8 ft. by 8 ft. and has cost £11,000,000 to construct.

"A testimony to this country's determination to remain in the front of aeronautical progress" was the description applied to the Royal Aircraft Establishment's new extension at Bedford by Mr. Aubrey Jones, the Minister of Supply, when he opened it last week. Mr. Jones was speaking at the entrance to one of the main features of the establishment. This is a vast wind tunnel. Air can be driven through it by powerful electric motors, so that models for aircraft or missiles can be tested at speeds of up to Mach 2.8 (Mach 1 is the speed of sound). The tunnel, which has cost £11,000,000, is the fourth to operate in Britain and a fifth is under construction. The entire Establishment at Bedford has cost £30,000,000.

In his speech Mr. Jones admitted that this was a large sum, but, he declared, it was essential if Britain was to stay in the struggle for air superiority, which was an important element not only in military, but also in industrial strength.

The supersonic tunnel is the main feature at Bedford, but the establishment is also concerned with flight testing and an impressive display was given for the Minister of Supply. An English Electric P.1 landed with the aid of a parachute drag, and the Boulton Paul IIIa Delta aircraft was seen in flight.

A Fairey Delta 2 research aircraft, sister-plane to the aircraft which last year set up a new world speed record of 1,132 miles an hour, was also demonstrated to Mr. Jones. It is engaged on research tests into the Heat Barrier. This is encountered by planes flying at more than twice the speed of sound. The F.D.2 has built into its nose surface minute elements called thermistors. With their aid, readings can be taken as the temperature builds up through friction or kinetic heating. The research will greatly assist in the development of Britain's next fighters and missiles.

Naval aircraft played their part in the display at the opening, and demonstrated another remarkable facility at the Establishment. A de Havilland 110 and a Sea Hawk were launched from the only land-based steam catapult in Europe. In spectacular style they were swept along the runway for about 200 ft. and had reached high speeds before they loosed themselves from the catapult and climbed skywards.

One demonstration of the potentialities of a modern aircraft-carrier unfortunately failed to come off. A Meteor, in coming in to land, was assumed to have missed the arresting gear which in an aircraft-carrier would halt it on the deck. According to the programme, it should have been saved by a flexible barrier of nylon. In fact, it plunged right through the nylon and then stopped. But it appeared to have suffered no harm. Such an unrehearsed incident before a large gathering of official spectators no doubt served as a reminder that greater safety for pilots and aircraft can only be achieved by intensified research and experiment.

MID-WAY THROUGH THE SEASON

The West Indies Have Still to Show Their True Form ; The Reason for Small Gates in County Cricket

By NEVILLE CARDUS

IF the West Indies cricketers should lose the rubber of 1957 the defeat will be silently accepted by a team of fine and friendly sportsmen. But the fact is that in the Test Matches at Birmingham and Lord's, Goddard and his men were rather scurvily treated by fortune.

At Birmingham, on a flawless turf, England batted first and were dismissed, or hypnotised out, by Ramadhin for 186. The West Indies, by a splendid mingling of defence and lovely strokes, led England by 288, then captured the wickets of Richardson, Close and Insole for 113. England, face to face with a terrible thrashing by an innings, had now only May, Cowdrey and Bailey really to depend upon for scientific resistance; the tail, consisting of Evans, Laker, Trueman, Lock and Statham, was long enough, in the circumstances, to wag the dog off the field.

It is already famous and immortal history that May and Cowdrey achieved one of the longest heroic stands in all the recorded annals of the game, scoring 411 together in some seven hours and a quarter, May 285 not out when he belatedly closed England's innings, Cowdrey 154.

In all our jubilation over so stalwart and skilful a feat of batsmanship and endurance, we scarcely made enough of the fact that the West Indies were unable to attack the defences of May and Cowdrey with a new ball. Gilchrist and Worrell were both unable to bowl because of injuries. One or two challenging deliveries from either of them while the seam and shine were potent might easily have removed Cowdrey or May long before England's position was anything but parlous.

The handicaps suffered at Birmingham by the inability of Gilchrist and Worrell to use the new ball needs to be stressed now for two reasons—first because not enough attention has yet been drawn to a dual mishap which conceivably made all the difference between a draw in England's favour and a crushing defeat of England; second, because in the Test Match at Lord's we were given evidence of the skill and fire with which Worrell and Gilchrist could exploit a new ball. Admittedly the wicket at Lord's was vastly different from the batsman's earthly paradise at Birmingham. This brings me to the other case of churlish bad luck experienced by the West Indies; what is more, it was a sort of misfortune not exactly anticipated by visitors to the ground which is the House of Legislature of cricket.

Frankly, the wicket on which the West Indies were beaten at Lord's was unfit for the purpose of Test cricket, the primary purpose of which, I take it, is to give scope for the art and the science so that it may be exhibited without forseeable external interference and impediments. The wicket for the second Test from the outset was of a fiery, uneven order calculated to upset experienced skill and the most classical first principles. A fast ball would rise abruptly from a good length, not now and again but continuously. On such a turf, a great batsman was even more likely to lose his wicket while playing a correct stroke than a flashing cross-bat player who took the precaution of retreating from the ball's line of flight.

The West Indies batsmen seldom in their own islands come into contact with pitches that reverse known canons of ballistics. Though it is not obligatory on our groundsmen to see to it that teams playing England are guaranteed turf of the sort invading opponents would carry about with them, it is surely the duty of the M.C.C. to take precautions that at Lord's a wicket is not passed as fit and fair if it is one on which a great player is as likely to get out doing the right thing as the wrong.

Cowdrey's magnificent innings at Lord's surpassed the cricket he allowed to come out of him at Birmingham despite a certain costiveness. At Lord's he was quite free, as free in defence as in attack; in other words, when he defended and abjured scoring strokes, he did so at his own will. But he was hit on the gloves at the outset of this handsome and cultivated innings, hit by balls that could not have been anticipated in their rise from the ground by Bradman, Hobbs and Euclid rolled together. He was lucky to survive. Sir Leonard Hutton has stated publicly that this innings of Cowdrey at Lord's must be counted his best. Excellent though it was in temper and execution, it did not compare with the masterpiece performed at Melbourne by Cowdrey under the captaincy and under the nose and eyes of Sir Leonard himself.

On that occasion Cowdrey went to the wicket when Edrich and May had succumbed to the most vehemently fast attack seen for years, Miller at his most piercingly red-hot. Hutton and Compton were as helpless as May and Edrich; England lost 4 for 41. England, in fact, were all out for 191, Cowdrey 102. Seldom, if ever, has one batsman, in a Test Match, scored a century out of a total as small as 191. Cowdrey of recent seasons has frequently batted as though afflicted by legs of wood; he has gifts not less admirable and enviable than May's.

Much may be wrong with first-class cricket, according to hearsay, tradition and everlasting rote, but an England XI is far from bankruptcy if it can boast amateur batsmen as talented, as well-bred in style, as May and Cowdrey, with another, name of Richardson, thrown in—not exactly a stylist but a dashing stroke-player. And all three of them are young enough to advance to a better state still. We need to go back to the so-called Golden Age to find the equal in the England XI of these talented young amateur batsmen; to the age of Spooner, Hutchings, F. R. Foster, to hark back no farther !

SPARSE ATTENDANCE FOR A COUNTY GAME: Robertson turns a ball to leg in the Middlesex-Hampshire match at Lord's this season. There are yawning spaces on the spectators' benches. In his article Neville Cardus explains why he thinks that County Cricket is not attracting satisfactory crowds.

ENGLAND'S NEW "GOLDEN AGE" OF AMATEUR TALENT: *Left*—P. E. Richardson, England's No. 1, is in action during his innings of 76 in the Second Test. *Right*—England's captain, P. B. H. May (right), and M. C. Cowdrey come in during their record-breaking partnership in the First Test. Behind is J. D. Goddard, West Indies captain.

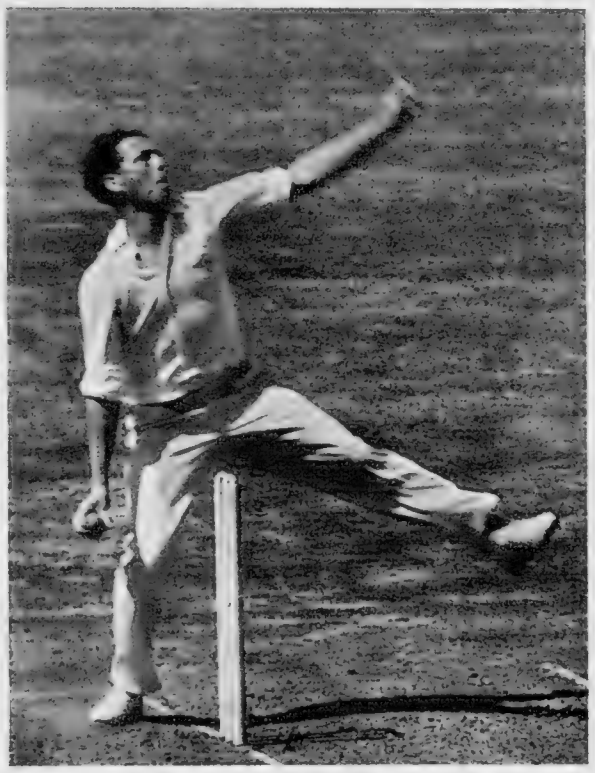
But not even Cowdrey or May can compare as stroke-players with Walcott, Weekes, Sobers and Worrell. Walcott and Weekes are dramatic by reason of the swiftness and power of their hooks, pulls and cuts. Sobers has a lissome daring brilliance; and Worrell is as easy and light of touch as R. H. Spooner himself. Whether victory in the rubber comes the way of the West Indies is, I think, a matter secondary to the great contribution of style, animation and volatile racial character that these cricketers from the sun are making to our national and very English game, a game too often wilting for want of sunshine.

No performances to be recorded in *Wisden* dated for the season of 1957 will surpass for mingled courage and natural fine art the batting at Lord's by Sobers and Weekes on the closing Saturday of the sometimes unhappy Lord's Test Match. Incidentally, it was unhappy not only for West Indians. Certain English players and spectators could not take pleasure from the sight of the West Indian fieldsmen as they dropped catch after catch, and certainly could find no pleasure in the behaviour of the Lord's wicket, which seemed as much made for England's fast and seam bowlers as, last year, Old Trafford's dusty pitch had seemed predestined to suit the slow spin of Laker. In face of odds and with depression weighing them down, Weekes and Sobers lifted the Test Match at Lord's beyond the levels of utility and competition. They spread delight about them; in a challenging situation they were artists, not merely gamesters.

Not since the heyday of Denis Compton has an England batsman coped with a dire hour and an advancing attack with cricket that not only resisted but at once has enchanted by stroke-play the spectator who, like myself, does not consider that winning or losing is everything. Usually our England batsmen, whenever they are up against odds, get down to their grim work of retrieval with careworn bats and careworn faces. If Test Matches were decided on points of æsthetic value, I would back the present West Indies team (despite their uncertain catching) to win any rubber anywhere, here or in Australia.

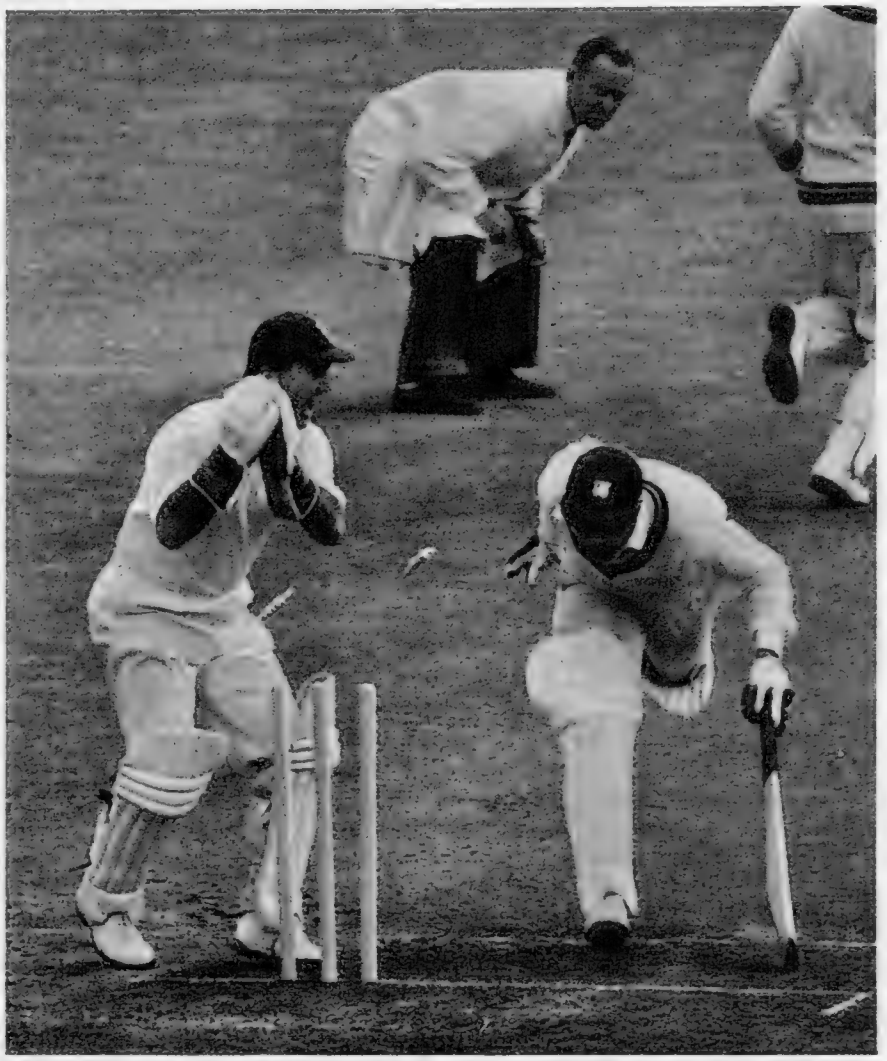
The cricket season, so far as it has gone—and the half-way stage has come too soon, the sands run out with relentless speed—has given us plenty to talk about and to applaud, apart from the Test Matches. Whether the new rules confining fieldsmen on the leg-side have affected play is not easy to decide; several bowlers say the limitation

WEEKES IS OUT TO AN UNUSUAL CATCH: In the West Indies-Surrey game at the Oval, the great West Indian stroke player is about to be caught by Stewart (who had earlier scored a splendid 147 not out). Although the catch looks straightforward, Weekes's sweep had actually first struck McIntyre, the wicket-keeper, and from him rebounded into the slips. The first slip is Barrington.

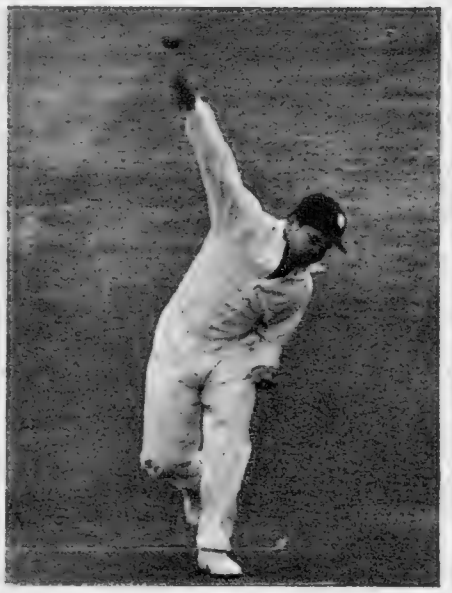


On right—

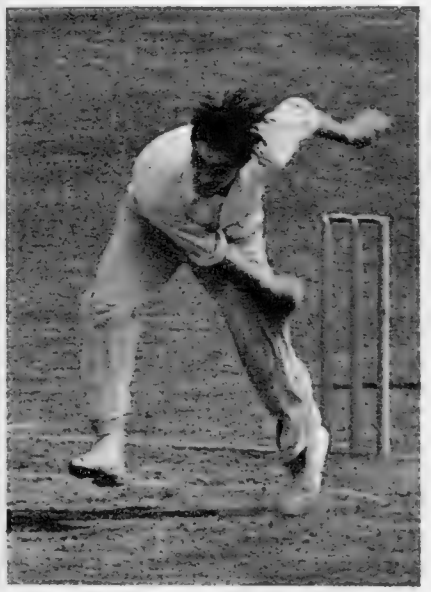
"ONE OF THE GREATEST CRICKETERS OF ALL TIME": Trevor Bailey bowls in the Lord's Test, during which he took 11 for 98. Neville Cardus is of the opinion that no cricketer has, Test Match after Test Match, bettered the achievements of the Essex all-rounder in batting, bowling and fielding.



THE "QUICKSILVER OMNIPRESENCE" OF GODFREY EVANS: The England and Kent wicket-keeper unsuccessfully appeals for a run-out against Sobers at Edgbaston. Watching carefully from the other end is umpire C. S. Elliot, who also stood in the Second Test.



A GREAT WEST INDIES PERSONALITY: "Sonny" Ramadhin comes up to the crease during the England first innings in the Edgbaston test, when he took 7 wickets for 49.



A TRUEMAN EXPRESS: The England and Yorkshire fast bowler releases an express delivery during his county's defeat of Middlesex at Lord's earlier this year.

has made little difference, thanks to generally good, or at least not spinning wickets. The shorter boundaries apparently have not appreciably sent up the rate of scoring.

Apart from the Test Matches, first-class cricket is still not attracting crowds of satisfactory numbers in the eyes of the county treasurers, especially on mid-week days. The ironic fact is that county cricket is very much dependent for mid-week gates on a certain amount of national unemployment. When a British workman is out of work he has no alternative but to go and watch county cricket. But there never was a time when crowds filled county cricket grounds up and down the country on mid-week afternoons.

I have seen some of the greatest players of past years playing at their most distinguished to the ghostly applause of almost invisible watchers in the empty hollows and caverns of Old Trafford and Kennington Oval. It is generally forgotten nowadays that first-class cricket matches in England once on a time began either on Mondays or Thursdays and were limited to three days each (including Test Matches), and that it could many times happen that a great ground, such as Lord's, the Oval, Trent Bridge, Old Trafford, Headingley, might be left vacant on a sunny Saturday, a game having been finished the day before!

Cricket between the counties might to-day be on its last legs but for the financial aid received from Test Matches. The problem to be solved in the near future is how to stimulate interest in county cricket among the younger generations. I have noticed during the present season that both in the crowds and the Press more and more attention is directed to events concerned with records and results than to the fine shades of cricket's art.

So long as wickets are falling, or fours are being hit, the majority of present-day onlookers seem content, whether the occasion be a Test Match or the third day of Blankshire v. Whatshire. It will be a pity if cricket takes its place just as one competitive game amongst others. And at this point of my article I can hear the old cry: "There's no personalities in modern cricket—that's why the crowds stay away."

It appeared to me, the other day at Lord's, that the England and West Indies XIs were chock-full of personality. Isn't Trueman worth watching, even if he is only slowly walking back to bowl chewing the cud of his vocabulary? Isn't Godfrey Evans a constant fascination, with his quicksilver omnipresence? Isn't Richardson the most quick-footed batsman that has opened an England innings since the premature passing of the nearly incomparable C. F. Walters? Are not Cowdrey and May persons and presences on the cricket field, not to be looked at every minute, to be sure, but none the less not to be overlooked—rather like the Albert Memorial in this respect. None but the blind will miss the personality of Walcott, Weekes, Worrell, Sobers, Gilchrist, Ramadhin.

There is always Trevor Bailey. Is he not a personality and a perpetual presence, batting, bowling or fielding? No cricketer has, Test Match after Test Match, bettered the all-round achievements of Bailey. He is either saving a match with his bat, or winning a match with his bowling, or turning the tide by means of a spectacular and almost impossible catch. He is here, there, everywhere, opening an England innings at a pinch, or coming to the wicket, half the side out for next to nothing.

He will run through the best batsmen in the world with new or an old ball. He will also subdue himself and wait to be called up as a change-bowler; then, most likely, he will break a three-hour stand. On the showing of figures and results, he is one of the greatest cricketers of all time. Is he truly? What is the Bailey secret? What is the power in him that transforms on big occasions a good county cricketer into a great Test Match cricketer? I can find only two words as an answer—intelligence and character.

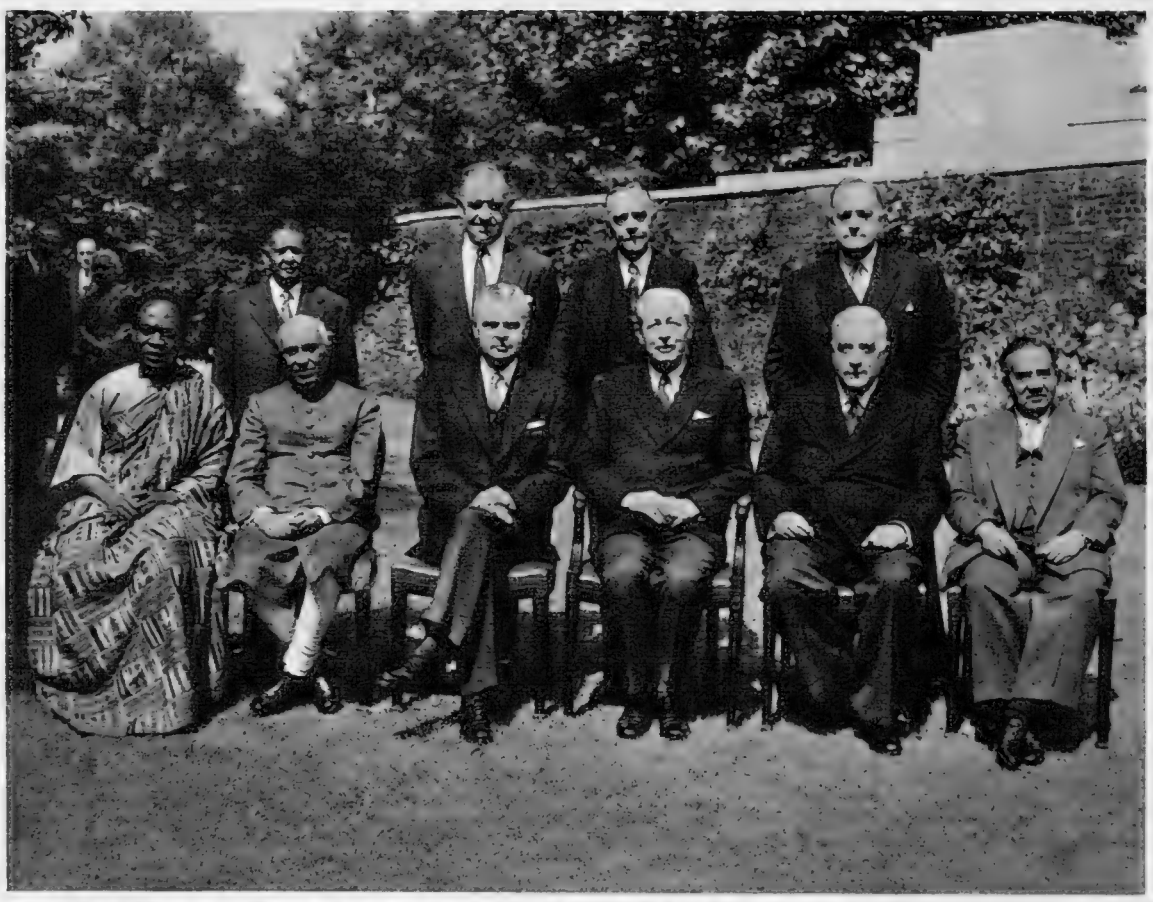
A WICKET UNFIT FOR A TEST: Worrell, of the West Indies, has his bat knocked away by a ball from Statham at Lord's. Mr. Cardus considers the wicket on which West Indies were beaten was "unfit for Test purposes."

COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE

Leaders of the British Commonwealth Meet in London for Talks at No. 10 Downing Street

TRANSATLANTIC DISCUSSION: Mr. Harold Macmillan is in conversation with Mr. John Diefenbaker, the new Prime Minister of Canada.

THE FLAGS OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH FLY IN DOWNING STREET : They are flying to mark the assembly at No. 10 of the Prime Ministers, or their representatives, at the Commonwealth Conference. This picture was taken shortly after the arrival of the Ministers at the opening of the Conference, and shows the subsequent dispersal of the crowd from Downing Street, which had gathered to welcome the representatives of the ten countries.



On right—

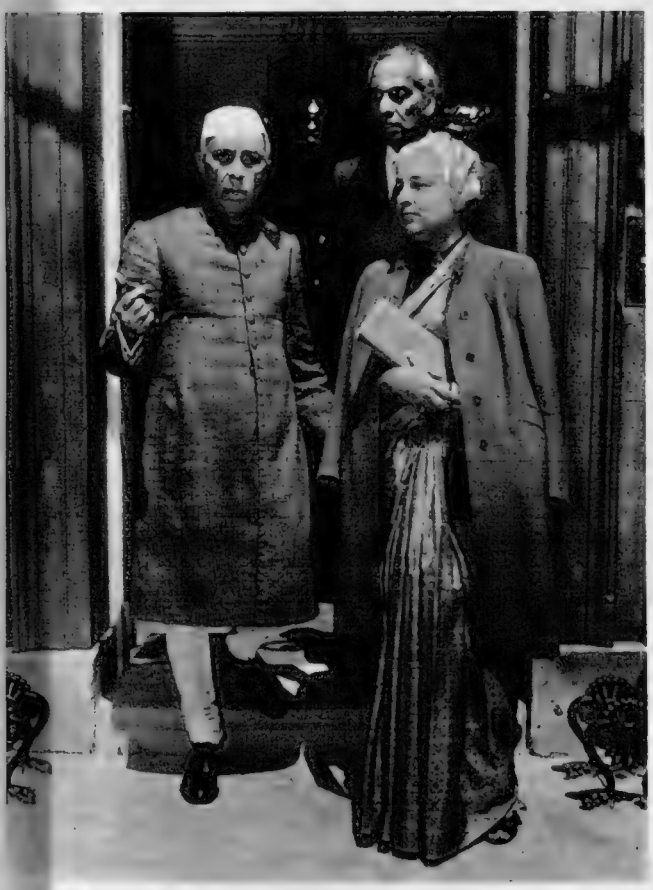
IN THE GARDEN AT NO. 10: In the front row, from left, the six Prime Ministers are: Dr. Nkrumah, Mr. Nehru, Mr. Diefenbaker, Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Menzies and Mr. Suhrawardy. In the back row, from left, are: Mr. de Silva, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Louw (the representatives of the Prime Ministers of Ceylon, New Zealand and South Africa) and Sir Roy Welensky.

A Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers—or more properly Commonwealth Leaders, as not all the Chief Representatives are Premiers—follows in many ways an established pattern. Before the formal opening of the sessions in Downing Street, each Chief Representative of a Commonwealth country is received in individual audience by the Sovereign and also has an individual meeting with the British Prime Minister. On the eve of the opening they all attend a banquet given by the Queen and the next day gather round the table at No. 10 for what has been well described as a "Commonwealth Cabinet Meeting." But each conference also has its own particular pattern. A change in political fortunes brings new Prime Ministers, such as this year, Mr. Macmillan himself and Mr. Diefenbaker of Canada. Or a new member is welcomed: 1957 will be remembered for the introduction of Dr. Nkrumah of Ghana. And, of course, the international scene, which looms large in the discussions, is in a constant state of change. But whatever the subject for a session, one can be sure that, as always, talk round the table has been intimate, frank and informal.

INFORMAL DISCUSSIONS : The Prime Ministers and other officials meet in the garden at No. 10 Downing Street, during the opening session. At left centre Mr. Macmillan, who acted as the chairman of the meeting, is walking towards Mr. Menzies.

MR. NEHRU ANSWERS QUESTIONS : The Prime Minister of India speaks to members of the Press following his arrival at London Airport. He said that neither Kashmir nor the question of a loan for India was a matter for the Prime Ministers' Conference.

COMMONWEALTH OCCASION AT WINDSOR CASTLE : The Queen entertains the Commonwealth leaders at a dinner party. Standing with Her Majesty are, from left, Mr. John Diefenbaker, the newly-elected Prime Minister of Canada ; Mr. Harold Macmillan ; Mr. R. G. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia ; Mr. E. H. Louw, Minister for External Affairs, Union of South Africa ; Mr. H. S. Suhrawardy, Prime Minister of Pakistan ; Mr. Nehru, Prime Minister of India ; Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland; Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana ; Mr. T. L. Macdonald, Minister of Defence, New Zealand ; and Mr. M. H. W. de Silva, Minister of Justice, Ceylon. The guests at the dinner party in the St. George's Hall also included Prince Philip and other members of the Royal Family, and other representatives from Britain and Commonwealth countries.



OUTSIDE NO. 10, DOWNING STREET : *Left*—Mr. Nehru; his sister, Mrs. Pandit, who is High Commissioner for India, and Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon, the Indian Minister of Defence, are leaving No. 10 at the end of a session. Before coming to London Mr. Nehru had visited the Scandinavian countries. *Right*—The robes of the representatives from Ghana add colour to the scene. At the opening session a welcome was extended to Dr. Nkrumah as the first Prime Minister of Ghana to attend such a meeting.

IN THE TOWN OF ORANGE: The superb Roman amphitheatre, which can seat 11,000 spectators, was probably built about the time of Augustus. It was described by Louis XIV as "the finest wall in my kingdom." The other outstanding feature in the town is the triumphal arch, which is remarkable for its wealth of decoration.

The Sphere of Travel

THE SPLENDOUR OF PROVENCE

Touring the Land of Roman and Medieval Towns

By GORDON COOPER

AS the celebrated Route Nationale No. 7, the highroad to the Côte d'Azur, comes sweeping southwards it passes through the nougat-making town of Montélimar and then enters the Rhône Valley, which forms a wide corridor between the Alps and the volcanic Massif Central. It is here that one first penetrates the ancient southern land of Provence, so-called for the simple reason that many centuries ago it actually was a province of Rome.

It is here, too, that the countryside undergoes an abrupt change from the north. The first cypresses appear, often as windbreaks dividing the fields into long and very narrow strips; the first myrtles; the first fields of melons; and the grey-green of the olive trees which become a familiar sight although, alas, the record cold spell early in 1956 killed a huge number of those trees, reckoned at 4,000,000. There is also a climatic change, for the atmosphere becomes noticeably milder (although it can turn bitterly cold or sizzling hot), while the sky takes on that luminosity at once the delight and despair of the artist. It is not yet the Riviera (which also forms part of Provence), with its pines and date palms, for the landscape is still essentially a harsh one. It has a character entirely its own.

It is a great pity, therefore, that to most visitors proceeding to the French Riviera, Provence is merely regarded as a countryside through which they must pass rapidly in order to reach their goal. A halt for a meal or a night's lodging may be made in Orange, Avignon and Aix-en-Provence, but it is quite impossible in France to sense the insidious appeal of the land by sticking to a densely-packed main road. Of course, the three towns I have named are interesting, although Aix is the only one in which I would care to linger for more than a day or two. Apart from its triumphal arch and superb Roman Theatre, Orange is featureless and very noisy. Avignon is an improvement, although I feel inclined to agree with Henry James that its famous Palace of the Popes is "the dreariest of all historical buildings." It is the kind of gigantic medieval pile, however, which should be visited once, if never again. Incidentally, during the summer months a "Sound and Light" performance is given nightly, with the front of this palace-fortress forming the background.

Much more delectable, in my opinion, is the nearby Rocher des Doms, one of the loveliest public gardens in France. From a small belvedere there is a glorious panoramic view over the Rhône Valley. One looks down also on the broken bridge of St.-Bénézet—the Pont d'Avignon of the song—and across the Rhône at the lonely tower of Philippe le Bel and the ruined town of Villeneuve, with its twin towers of Fort St.-André. In Villeneuve-lès-Avignon there are good hotels, which offer a peaceful alternative to lodging in Avignon itself.

In many respects Aix-en-Provence is the most satisfying of all Provençal towns. It has been described as "a town of ancient art, unique even in France—something like a museum in the open air," and it bears to this day the distinctive characteristics of its career as the aristocratic capital of the Kingdom of Provence. One might even say that Aix positively glows with a sense of good breeding and good living, while its cultivated taste is amply testified by its fine old houses, lovely fountains, and so on. I would say, indeed, that of all the provincial cities of France Aix would be my first choice as a place of residence.

It is when one plans to explore Provence, and no merely to pass through it, that one finds a rich variety o interest. First in importance, are its Roman remains In addition to Orange, outstanding sites are to be foun at Vaison-la-Romaine (18 miles east of Orange), St. Rémy Arles, Pont-du-Gard, and Nîmes. Of these towns Arles offers, perhaps, the greatest appeal for a stay It is, indeed, the most typical of all Provençal towns although I hope that should you go there the mistral is not blowing.

There is much of interest to see in Arles: its amphi theatre, Roman Theatre, the Church of St. Trophime, an that remarkable necropolis known as the Alyscamps. Ye for me, its constant appeal lies in meandering strolls, fo at every turn there is either the medieval or the antique.

While it gets a mention, but not a star, in the *Michel Guide*, the Hotel Nord-Pinus is my recommendation fo the romantically minded. Into one of its angles a fragmen of a Gallo-Roman portico has been inserted. Henry James once stayed here, while Mistral, the famous Provença poet, made it his home for some years and his rooms are carefully preserved. In the hotel's "Golden Book" I saw many signatures, including Mistinguet, and Bach.

But what appealed to me most about the Hotel Nor is that it stands in the old Place du Forum, one of th most charming small squares in France. Tall trees fring it, and the mellow Provençal sunshine dapples the bar earth. At dusk and dawn these trees are full of twitterin roosting birds. I loved to sit there, by the hour, sipping a *apéritif*, and watching the people go by.

Some Notes on Recommended Hotels

The asterisks denote the number of Michelin stars.

Villeneuve-lès-Avignon ..... *Le Prieuré* *; *Vieux Moulin*; *Beauséjour*

Noves (8 *miles south-east of Avignon, on N.7*)..... *La Petite Auberge* **

Aix-en-Provence ..... *Roy Rene* *; *Riviera* *

Meyrargues (12 *miles north of Aix-en-Provence. A converted medieval castle in its own park*)..... *Château* **

Les Baux ..... *Baumanière* *** (*one of the best cuisines in France*)

Châteauneuf-du-Pape ..... *Mule du Pape* *
Mère Germaine *

For Further Information

French Government Tourist Office, 178, *Piccadilly*, *W.*1.

There are also information offices (*Syndicats d'Initiative*) *in all the main towns.*

Air France Ltd., 52, *Haymarket*, *S.W.*1.

ATHOS—THE HOLY MOUNTAIN

Of all my journeys, none has left a deeper impression than that made to Athos three years ago. Despite the physical discomfort—I lost over a stone in weight—this peninsula stretching into the Ægean Sea taunts me to return. This nostalgia has been greatly stimulated by a recently published book: *Athos: the Holy Mountain*, by Sydney Loch (Lutterworth Press. 21s.). It is no mere passing traveller's tale, but a classic. Its author, a Scot, died in 1954. For many years he had lived in Phosphori Tower, the first village beyond the wall of Athos. In this book he gives accurate accounts of the great monasteries, their splendid churches, the ikons and their legends, and of the monks who live there. I have read this volume with the greatest delight, and hope to re-read it again and again.

TOWN OF PROVENCE WHICH IS FAMOUS FOR ITS WINES: The view looks across a vineyard towards the tiny town of Châteauneuf-du-Pape, where Gordon Cooper recommends two one-starred (Michelin) restaurants, which also have bedrooms. He suggests that when motoring along the Route Nationale No. 7—high road to the Côte d'Azur—the visitor should make the short detour to the town and stay for a meal. The delightful hillside town was formerly a Papal summer residence, which is now in ruins.

Arles, too, is a good base from which to make excursions, preferably by car. Montmajour, with its beautiful 700-year-old abbey, lies on the outskirts. Beyond it is the Van Gogh country, with Tarascon (King René's famous castle) and Beaucaire lying to the north, and St. Rémy (including Roman Glanum) and Les Baux to the north-east. At Glanum are the Triumphal Arch and the Mausoleum, the latter a glorious monument erected to the memory of Caius and Lucius, grandsons of the Emperor Augustus.

Les Baux is certainly the most curious town in France. It is both an acropolis and a "dead city," commanding magnificent views, while the site itself is covered with relics of its ancient power and prosperity. Tourists come by the thousand, and nearby is the hotel and restaurant Baumanière, which has one of the rare Michelin three stars. The cost of a meal (per head) would be hardly less than £6.

West of Arles is St. Gilles, which is mainly notable for the west front of its church, whose façade is a mass of intricate carving. To the south lies the large marshy district in the Rhône delta called the Camargue. Once the granary of the imperial armies, it is now given over largely to herds of horses, cattle, and sheep. Rice-growing, however, is being gradually extended. Then, there are its great lagoons, the largest of which is the Etang de Vaccarès, kept as a nature reserve.

On the sea-coast of the Camargue is the small resort of Les-Stes.-Maries-de-la-Mer, famous for its gypsy pilgrimages, for Sarah, the Ethiopian servant of the three Marys, is their patron saint. The festivals on May 24 and at the end of October are colourful affairs which attract large crowds of spectators. Riding enthusiasts, too, may like to come here, for under the guidance of cowboys they can penetrate into the more remote parts. I must warn any intending visitor, however, that at night there are mosquitoes (non-malarial). On the western side of the Camargue is Aigues-Mortes, the finest walled town in France. Built by Louis IX, as a base for the Crusades, its ramparts remain perfectly intact.

Elsewhere in Provence I have only space to mention Nîmes and Carpentras. The former, a busy industrial city, may not possess the charm of Arles, but is its rival in Roman remains. Its great amphitheatre and its Roman baths are impressive and interesting, but the main attraction is the exquisite Maison Carrée. This small colonnaded temple, built by the Emperor Augustus, is, perhaps, the finest example of a classical building still extant. Roman it may be, but in conception, in purity of line, in balance and proportion, it is as Greek as it can be, and of the highest period of Greek art. Carpentras, lying east of the main Orange-Avignon road, merits a visit if only to see its fourteenth-century synagogue. The interior decorations are a joy to see. Also notable in this town is its provincial museum, a storehouse of unsuspected riches.

No mention of Provence can omit a reference to Châteauneuf-du-Pape, and its wines. Delightfully situated, this tiny town possesses two one-starred (Michelin) restaurants, which also have bedrooms. The gastronome would be very happy in either, while a visit to the local *caves* is an experience.

TO AMERICA ON £100

How far the dollar currency allowance will stretch is illustrated by this typical packaged tour in the U.S.A., one of several recently announced. (Incidentally these are not party tours, you travel independently.) In ten days after arriving by sea or air, visits are paid to Philadelphia, Washington, Niagara Falls and, naturally, New York, with comprehensive sightseeing included. Such spots as the Empire State Building, the Rockefeller Centre, U.N. headquarters, the Statue of Liberty as well as the White House, the U.S. Capitol and Congressional Library, will be found on the itinerary. The total cost, if two people were travelling, including meals, would be approximately from £197 by sea or from £241 16s. by air. This basic cost would account for approximately 145 dollars of the 280 dollars allowed, and would leave an ample amount for extras, better meals, a little shopping, and a night or two's entertainment in New York. A fourteen-day tour does not leave such a comfortable margin, but nevertheless you should still have four dollars a day spare. The itinerary is fairly full, covering New York, Boston, Niagara Falls, Chicago, Washington and Philadelphia.

BUILDING ROADS FOR BRITAIN

The Construction of New Thoroughfares in Various Parts of the Country

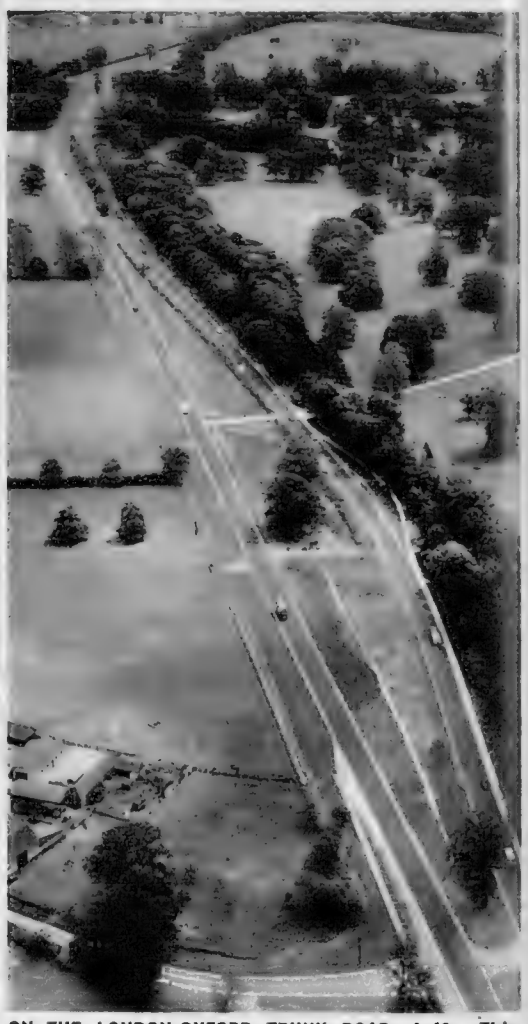
Below—

A NEW HIGHWAY IN KENT: The Ashford By-pass is to be opened by the Transport Minister, Mr. Harold Watkinson, on July 19. It will cut fifteen minutes off the drive from London to Folkestone by avoiding congested Ashford. Skirting the north side of the town, the by-pass is 2½ miles long and has twin carriageways, each 24 ft. wide, separated by a central strip of varying width. There is a new roundabout at each end, and a prestressed concrete fly-over bridge, built by Richard Costain Limited, carries the main Ashford-Canterbury road (A.28) over the by-pass. Other bridges carry the by-pass over Willesborough Lees Road, the River Stour, the Ashford-Canterbury railway line and Warren Lane. The by-pass is a pre-war scheme on which work was begun in 1939. These works were closed down during the war, resumed on a limited scale in 1947, and again suspended in the following year. In 1955 the completion of the scheme was included in the Ministry's road programme and the work was undertaken by the Kent County Council. The work carried out since 1955 is likely to cost about £410,000. The narrow streets of Ashford have caused "bottlenecks" on the Folkestone Road for many years.

THE PRESTON BY-PASS IS TAKING SHAPE: A general view of the southern end of the new by-pass, near Bamber Bridge on A.6, showing in the immediate foreground the bridge which is being built over the Blackburn to Ormskirk railway line. At the next junction a four-span bridge is being built over the new road. The by-pass, which is designed to relieve congestion in Preston Town Centre, will be for the exclusive use of motor traffic. It will be 8¾ miles long and will end at Broughton, which is also on A.6. The road, which will have dual 24-ft. carriageways in an overall width of 112 ft., will involve the construction of twenty-three bridges and the excavation of huge quantities of earth to form cuttings and embankments. At each end roundabouts have been designed to join with the existing roads. The by-pass, costing over £3,000,000, is expected to be completed by autumn 1958.

On right—

THREE LANES OF TRAFFIC: Dual three-lane carriageways are seen under construction on the Watford Way between Page Street and Mill Hill, at an estimated cost of £250,000. This scheme on Trunk Road A.1 will complete the duplication of the carriageways on the Barnet and Watford by-passes between Apex Corner and Page Street. The picture is one of many included in the Roads for Britain Exhibition at Charing Cross Underground Station, in London. It is due to close to-day (Saturday) at 7.30 p.m. The exhibition shows some of the work now under way, or proposed, on the 2,400 schemes which have been started in England and Wales since the present road programme was put in hand two years ago. A central feature of the exhibition is a large map showing 450 major projects estimated to cost over £220,000,000. When he opened the exhibition, the Transport Minister said "it shows what we are actually doing to improve the roads of this country."



ON THE LONDON-OXFORD TRUNK ROAD, A.40: This stretch of dual carriageway, extending for two miles along the road on the north side of Oxford, has been completed at a cost of £300,000.

A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING

BRITISH ENTERPRISE IN AUTOMATION (See also following page)

IN 1946-47 the Standard Motor Co. Ltd., of Coventry, started to produce the Ferguson tractor in their former wartime shadow factory at Banner Lane. Despite the short time which had elapsed since the war, production was started with some 400 new special machine tools augmented with 1,200 general machines purchased from the Ministry of Supply. Within a matter of a few months this factory was regarded as one of the most up-to-date plants in Europe.

The popularity which the tractor quickly gained was due to the fact that this remarkably light machine is part of a system of farm mechanisation, which was made available at a price well below anything hitherto offered. The Ferguson tractor, instead of trailing its implements in the normal way, was the first to be designed with a special hydraulic lift. The principle involved was that the tractor actually carried the implements on a pair of power-lift arms mounted at the rear. Using an ingenious linkage system, it was found possible to arrange the hydraulic control of these arms in such a manner that the implements could be drawn through the soil at a constant depth. This principle renders superfluous any depth control wheels on the implement. The natural inclination of the implement is to draw downwards into the soil. This, coupled with the tendency for the tractor to keep it at a constant depth, imparts an extra load to the tractor wheels. In this way, the harder the implement works, the "heavier" the tractor becomes. The new comparatively light tractor overcame these difficulties while still maintaining the essential qualities of economy and safety.

From the very moment of the introduction of the Ferguson tractor in 1947, an ever-increasing demand was experienced, and production soon reached record levels. When the original tractor was discontinued in 1956, over 500,000 had left the production lines at Banner Lane. Not only were 350,000 of these tractors distributed overseas to 118 different countries, but also manufacturing arrangements were concluded in France between the Ferguson Organisation and Standard-Hotchkiss, which soon resulted in production at a rate of 100 per day. This tractor, however, was slightly different in design from the one produced at Coventry. In India, the assembly of the Ferguson tractor was undertaken in Madras by Standard Motor Products of India Ltd.

In 1953, Massey-Harris and Ferguson interests amalgamated to form Massey-Harris-Ferguson Ltd., and the arrangement with the Standard Motor Company to continue the manufacture of Ferguson tractors soon established itself as one of the most remarkably successful links between two major organisations. The Massey-Harris-Ferguson organisation, operating seventeen factories in various parts of the world, such as Germany, France, Great Britain, Australia, Canada, and the U.S.A., and the world-wide service organisation of the Standard Motor Co. Ltd., together provide a highly useful service to farmers.

In 1956, when plans to produce the new tractor, the Ferguson "35," were nearing completion, the existing plant at Banner Lane was still operating efficiently. It was barely ten years old, by normal standards still modern, and was producing 250 tractors per day. Ever-increasing costs underlined the urgent need for even greater manufacturing economy. Competition everywhere was keener and it was essential that the Ferguson "35" maintained the firm lead established by its predecessor in international markets. The bold decision was made to re-equip the Banner Lane factory with the most advanced techniques and machine-tool developments. A changeover of this magnitude created innumerable problems which had to be resolved—but even so, re-tooling was completed in a remarkably short time.

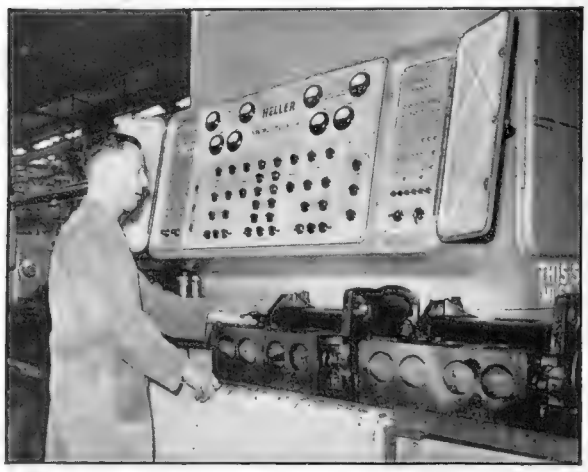
The new plant, costing £4,500,000, is capable of producing over 100,000 tractors a year. This target is being rapidly approached, and the factory is at present the largest single tractor plant in the world. In the first nine months of producing the new tractor, the number manufactured has been ten times greater than that of the earlier type during a similar period in 1947—a remarkable tribute to the excellence of the equipment and the co-operation and spirit of all employees.

The re-equipment of the plant involved the replacement of 850 old-type machines by 150 specially-designed transfer machines and the re-siting of over 1,000 existing machines. Some of the new transfer machines incorporating the latest developments in the electronic and engineering fields are equipped with electro-hydraulic control units. They contain more than 14 miles of electrical wiring and are fitted with as many as sixty different electric motors. Every one of these big special-purpose transfer machines executes a multitude of machining operations. Each is supported by large numbers of individual-operated general-purpose machines of the latest type as well as by material-handling techniques and equipment of the most modern kind. The automatic transfer machine units are so arranged that the maximum amount of operations is carried out on each component at one handling. Wherever possible each component is completely machined on one unit. Every square foot of floor-space is thus used to the maximum advantage while the manual effort of the operators is reduced to an absolute minimum, resulting in turn in better quality production. At the touch of a button the transfer machines perform automatically a series of intricate operations on components weighing up to 200 lb. and often working to a tolerance of ·0005 in.

The transfer machines are impressive in size and performance. Some of the special-purpose machines which make up these units weigh over 200 tons each and measure as much as 120 ft. long. A typical example of this machine is employed on axle housings. It performs the following operations: drilling, milling, boring, tapping, reaming and facing—and completes an axle housing every 50 seconds. There are twelve working stations on each side of this machine and it has a total of ninety-eight operating spindles.

AT THE WORLD'S LARGEST TRACTOR PLANT: Tractors are seen coming off the assembly line at the Standard Motor Company's factory at Banner Lane, in Coventry, where £4,500,000 has been spent on automation plant. In this changeover, 150 transfer and other modern machines have replaced 850 older types, and over 1,000 machines have been completely re-tooled. Both diesel and petrol versions of the Ferguson "35" tractor are available.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

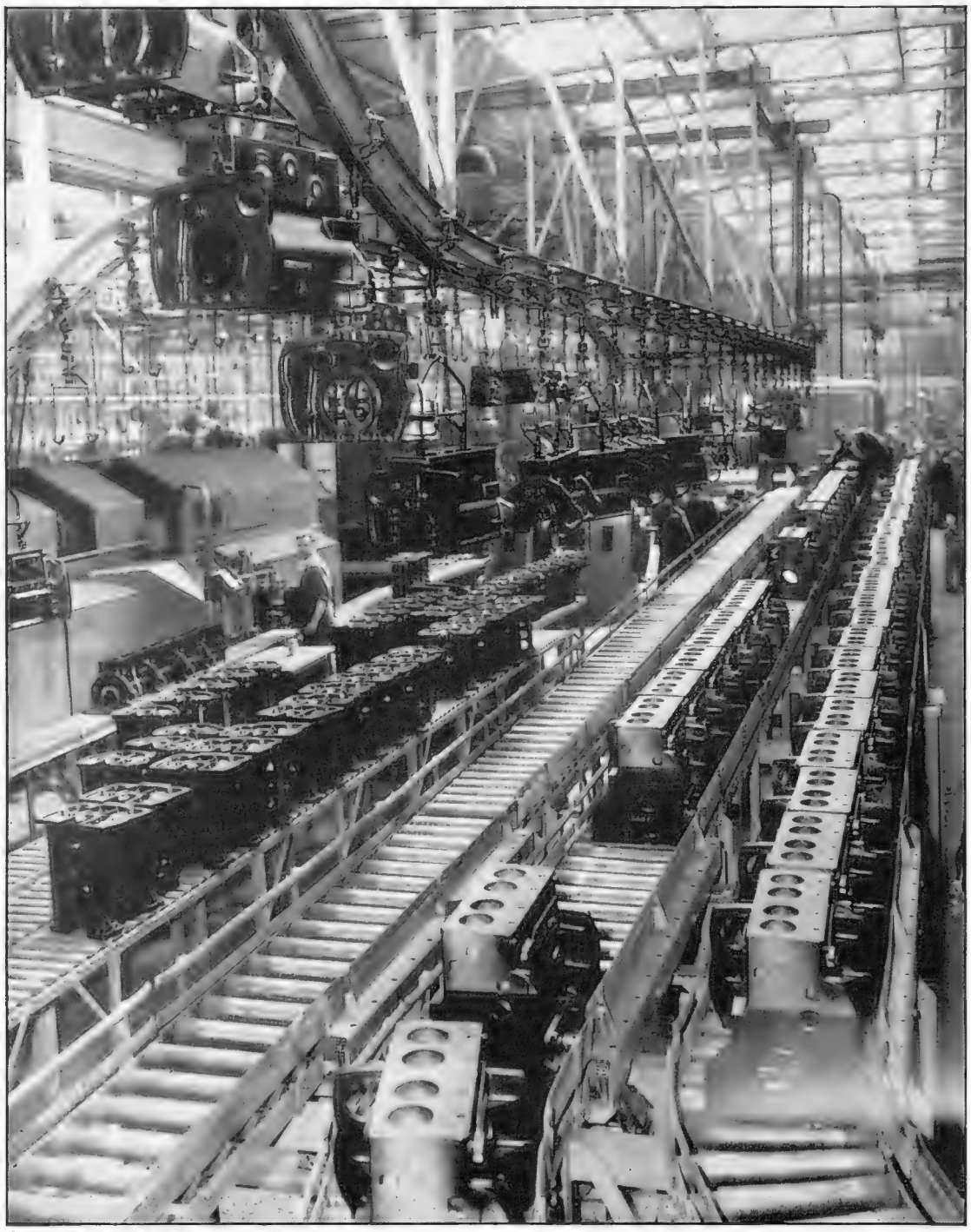


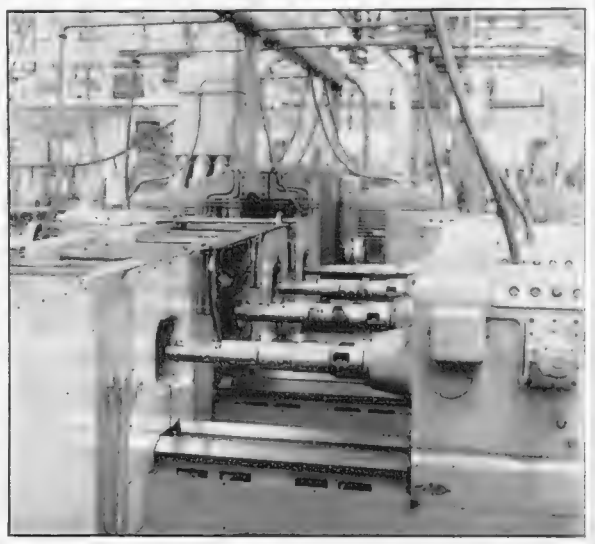
AUTOMATION AT COVENTRY: The indicator panel is at the Banner Lane factory of the Standard Motor Company in Coventry. It controls ten operating stations which complete the rough machining of cylinder blocks.

AUTOMATION AND AGRICULTURE

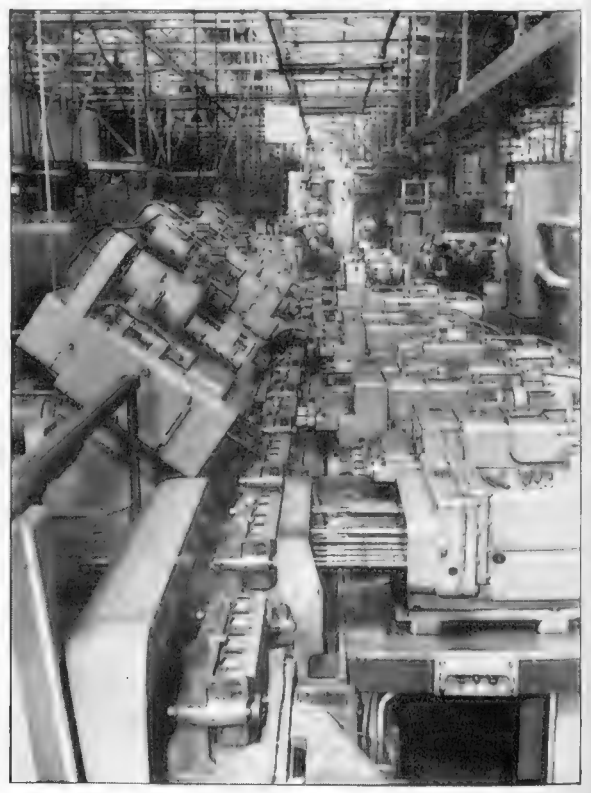
The pictures reproduced on this page illustrate sections of the vast automation plant at the Banner Lane factory of the Standard Motor Company, which is described in detail on the previous page. The new plant, which has cost £4,500,000 to install, is capable of producing over 100,000 tractors a year. All the special-purpose machines are electro-hydraulically operated and some are controlled by electronic circuits. The real value of this modernised production plant is best illustrated by a statement made by Mr. A. S. Dick, managing director of the Company: "The re-equipment of our factories has enabled tractor output to be increased by no less than 33 per cent., with no significant increase in the labour force employed and in spite of the new tractor presenting more complex engineering and manufacturing problems than its predecessor. With this new plant we can face any competition and will continue to make a valuable contribution to the country's economy."

SPEEDING PRODUCTION : This is a close-up view of the indexing table of a horizontal rotary machine, in which hydraulically-operated fixtures hold the tractor levelling forks to be machined. Seven different machining operations are executed at varying stations. One component is completed every ten seconds.





MULTI-TOOL BORING BARS: They are retracting automatically after boring a tractor transmission case. The machine carries out 36 operations in a cycle of 100 seconds.



A SEA OF MACHINERY : *Left*—The delivery line is conveying engine blocks to another part of the factory. heads, is controlled by one man. The transfer units are the largest of the special-purpose machines. used to the maximum advantage, while the manual effort of the operators is reduced to an absolute *Right*—This transfer line, which is used for machining cylinder Every square foot of floor space at the Banner Lane factory is minimum, thus resulting in turn in better quality production.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

A FISHING CRUISER OF UNUSUAL INTEREST: A new 47-ft. fishing cruiser, *Taro*, speeds across Southampton Water during her trials. The craft combines in her design and equipment certain features which enable her to be used both in the Mediterranean and the Bahamas for spear-fishing and underwater exploration. On one of her recent trials the boat reached a speed of 12·77 knots.

AN UNUSUAL FISHING BOAT

Built at the Woolston (Southampton) Yard of John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., *Taro*, a new 47-ft. fishing cruiser, is a boat of more than ordinary interest. She is a fishing cruiser which can be used both in the Mediterranean and the Bahamas for spear-fishing. She can also be employed for underwater exploration. Many useful devices have been incorporated in the layout and equipment. In the transom a lift-out door has been fitted to give access to a fixed bathing ladder. This facilitates the return on board of fishermen who would be carrying a load of equipment weighing about 70 lb. On the port side of the transom there is an ice-box and on the starboard side a fish tank. Under the floor of the cockpit a plate-glass panel has been fitted for observation of the seabed. The wheelhouse has good all-round vision. The windows on both sides are of a sliding type, but in the front they are fixed, except for the centre pane, which is hinged. The steering-wheel is on the port side with the engines' control panel adjacent. Removable panels fitted in the floor enable the engines to be lifted out for overhaul. She is owned by the Vane Shipping Company.

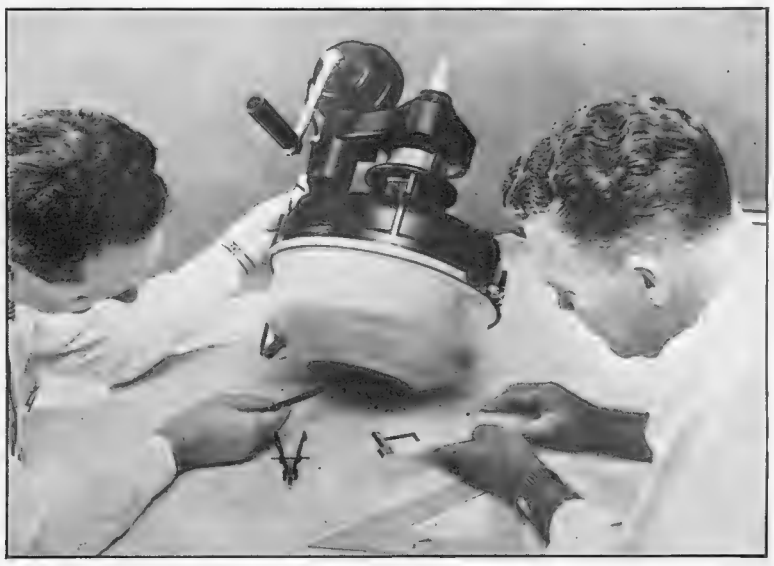
AN INFLATABLE LIFERAFT SAVES LIVES

When fire broke out in the fishing hold of *Venus Star*, the Lossiemouth fishing vessel was off Priest Island on passage between Ullapool and Stornoway. The fire spread to the engine room and, as there was a danger of explosion, the order was given to abandon ship. A "Cutter" six-man inflatable liferaft was used for the escape of the crew. These rafts have the advantage of a roofing which completely covers the occupants, thus protecting them from the wind and rain. Another feature of the raft is its inflatable floor, which gives protection from the coldness of the water. The floor is inflated manually by a pair of bellows. In the case of the *Venus Star* rescue, the members of the crew have since stated that they were able to inflate the "Cutter" liferaft very rapidly and had no difficulty in getting into it. It is made by Elliot Equipment Limited.

A NEW BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER RHINE

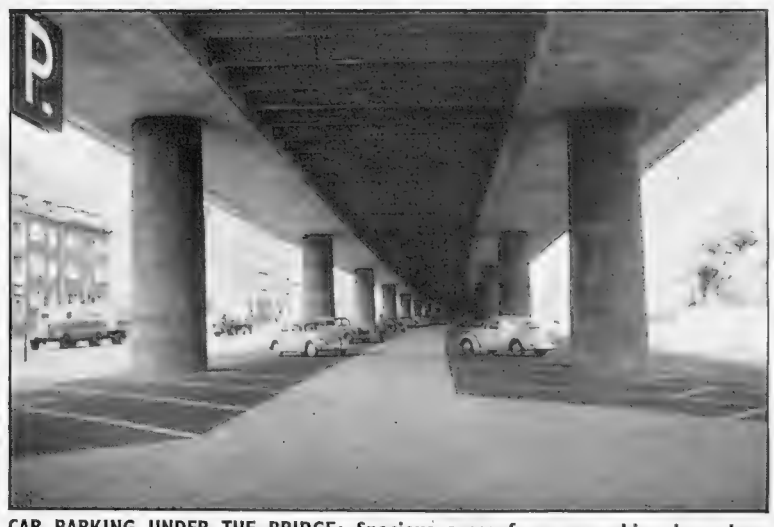
On right—

A SECTION OF THE RIVER RHINE'S NEW BRIDGE: A sailing-boat passes under a section of a new bridge which is in the course of construction over the River Rhine at Dusseldorf, in West Germany. The ladder-like structure on both sides of the first supporting tower has been erected as a temporary measure to take some of the strain along this first span of the new road for motor traffic only.



THE SMALLEST GAS TURBINE AIRCRAFT ENGINE EVER BUILT

The two engineers in the picture reproduced above are looking at a model of what will be the smallest gas turbine aircraft engine ever built. The engineers are members of the staff of the Solar Aircraft Company at San Diego, in America, which is responsible for its design and production. The engine is only 20 ins. in height and it has a maximum diameter of 15½ ins. Weighing only 50 lb., this tiny engine will be capable of producing 55 shaft horse-power, plus 12 lb. of jet thrust. It is to be used to power a one-man helicopter. The Solar Aircraft Company is to produce this new engine under a joint contract from the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics and the United States Army. When it is in production, the engine will be known as the Solar Mercury. It will be the first to be designed and built by the Solar Aircraft Company specifically for aircraft propulsion. The other gas turbine engines which are produced by the same company are the 50 h.p. Mars, the 500 h.p. Jupiter and the 1,000 h.p. Saturn. The Solar Mercury will operate on standard military fuels and the rotor will spin at approximately 57,600 revolutions per minute.



CAR PARKING UNDER THE BRIDGE: Spacious areas for car parking have been provided underneath the arches of the new bridge over the River Rhine. When completed the bridge will be 4,200 ft. in length and 50 ft. in width.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

BRITAIN'S FIRST ATOMIC POWER STATION: The extreme left of this picture of the Calder Hall Power Station, in Cumberland, shows the first reactor building of Calder "B" station, now in the course of construction. It will be identical to Calder "A" station, which is in full operational order and is seen in the rest of the picture.

THE WORLD'S FIRST FULL-SCALE ATOMIC POWER STATION

The Atomic Power Station at Calder Hall, in Cumberland, is the first large-scale plant in the world to produce electricity by converting heat developed by the fission of uranium in a nuclear reactor. Calder Hall, opened by the Queen last year, is significant to the whole world as a demonstration of how nuclear energy can be used for positive industrial purposes. The heart of the power station lies in its reactors. The buildings in which they are housed look like tall factories with chimneys. Inside each structure lies the reactor core, comprising over 1,000 tons of graphite, 10,000 uranium rods and the complex mechanisms of control and operation. Since the core of the reactor becomes dangerously radio-active while in operation, it is surrounded with thick steel walls. Even these are not sufficient to prevent the escape of flying neutrons and gamma rays, so they are encased in turn by a concrete shield 7 ft. thick. Although the radio-active elements still manage to get through, they are effectively reduced to a harmless power. With its shield and the associated buildings round it, each reactor weighs 22,000 tons and rests on a reinforced concrete raft 11 ft. thick, adding nearly 10,000 tons more to the aggregate weight on the subsoil. There are three major ancillaries to each reactor. The first is the change-discharge equipment; the second a mechanism for detecting faulty fuel elements; the third a control mechanism for operating the reactor.

WORLD'S LONGEST PERISCOPE

An engineer in the laboratory of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, New York, examines a section of the world's longest periscope. Its length is 90 ft. It is for use in development work on nuclear propulsion for jet aircraft which G.E.C. is undertaking under contracts with the United States Air Force and Atomic Energy Commission. The periscope permits engineers to observe a "hot" nuclear reactor while they remain in a shielded cubicle.

On right—

A NEW TELEVISION CENTRE

Taken from above the White City Stadium at Shepherd's Bush, in London, this aerial view shows the progress on the main section of a new television centre which is being built by the British Broadcasting Corporation. Some of the smaller parts of the building, seen in the background, have been completed and are in use. The main part of the centre, when finished, will be circular in shape. It will house various official departments

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The World of Books: By VERNON FANE

WORDS AND MUSIC

The Life of Colette; Vincent Sheean's Autobiography; A Doctor and a Diplomat; The Riviera and Spain; The Short Stories of Aldous Huxley, and New Novels

COLETTE was one of the most special and, by many people, one of the most beloved writers of our times. Her style was exquisite and highly individual; her output consisted of some fifty books and countless articles, and her zest for life survived illness and crippling pain. Her husband, M. Maurice Goudeket, has written of the "thirty years of unclouded happiness" which they spent together and of Colette herself in her relation to work, to reading, to friends, animals and every aspect of nature. In New York once, he relates, Colette found a cat running towards her as if it had found a relation. "Ah!" said Colette, sitting down on the edge of the pavement, "at last someone who speaks French." CLOSE TO COLETTE (Secker and Warburg. 21s.) is a book of enchantments and is a "must" for all lovers of Colette's writing.

FIRST AND LAST LOVE (Gollancz. 21s.) is in essence the life-story of a listener. For, to Mr. Vincent Sheean, the most significant, the most happy and the most rewarding hours of his life have been spent in the musical world. He has travelled extensively, worked as a special correspondent, written novels, books and articles, but in this extremely original, slightly overwhelming autobiography, it is of the music he has heard and the musicians who have interpreted that music that he chiefly writes. Mr. Sheean's knowledge is encyclopædic. His enthusiasm is tremendous, and it is this quality which he communicates to the reader.

Two other books of autobiography follow a more traditional form, but are none the less robust for that. SURGEON'S JOURNEY (Heinemann. 25s.) is by Mr. J. Johnston Abraham, a medical man of great distinction with ten books to his credit but never anything as richly varied or as exciting as the story of his own life. Mr. Abraham began his medical training in his native Ireland. Since those days he has practised in London, given up the profession for writing, gone back to surgery in the First World War, at one point in which he was a senior captain in the Serbian Army, worked with the R.A.M.C. in Sinai, Palestine and Syria, and returned to practise in Harley Street, to write once more and, as always through his career, to study mankind on far more than the physical plane. Mr. Abraham writes with humour and an enviable lack of egotism about his crowded life which has so often touched drama and tragedy. The strongest impression is of a man of profound humanity.

DIVERSIONS OF A DIPLOMAT IN CEYLON (Macmillan. 30s.) is by Mr. Philip K. Crowe, an American who has been reporter, sailor, financier, explorer, airman, farmer and U.S. Ambassador to Ceylon. Mr. Crowe's private, as opposed to official relaxation, has always been hunting, shooting and fishing, with experiences as widely separated as the Pytchley and Peru. Partly sport, partly travel experiences, this book is primarily intended for those who have shot game and those who like to read about such shooting.

The biggest game in Mr. Charles Graves's ROYAL RIVIERA (Heinemann. 21s.) is—or rather were—the grand ducal families, the princes and empresses and queens who first made that stretch of coast from Cannes to Monte Carlo the fabulous living region that it still is. Given the Heaven-sent climate the choice was not a particularly difficult one. The dreaded mistral winds blow mildly as they get farther to the east and, by the time they reach Monaco (now known irreverently as Kelly's Rock), scarcely blow at all. Mr. Graves is a past-master in the game of researching and reporting, does it with energy, and produces the results in his own spirited and often very funny manner.

SILK HATS AND NO BREAKFAST (Methuen. 15s.) is a volume of notes on a Spanish journey by Miss Honor Tracy, a highly intelligent, much-travelled author. Miss Tracy is Irish and now lives in Spain, and she is by no means the first of her country-people to find a great affinity between the two countries or to attempt to put it in to writing. In her case the attempt is successful and a reasoned picture of Spain's present state emerges.

THE OUTERMOST FRONTIER (William Kimber. 18s.) is the journal of a German artilleryman fighting on the Russian front until his death in 1943. Helmut Pabst was a man of education, a man who read whenever the bitter circumstances allowed, and a man whose private pleasure was often in looking at a bright colour, a clean interior or the sky on a night of iron frost.

Mr. W. Bridges-Adams' book, THE IRRESISTIBLE THEATRE (Secker and Warburg. 42s.), is now only in its first volume, which takes the exposition of the subject from the Conquest to the Commonwealth, and leaves us, or at least those of us who care about the theatre, agog for the successor which will follow on from the seventeenth century to the present day. Without wide reading and indefatigable research no one could have undertaken such a work. On top of that, Mr. Bridges-Adams has the advantage of having been a worker in the theatre.

THE TRUTH ABOUT COLUMBUS (Jarrolds. 25s.) is a new edition of a twenty-one-year-old book by Mr. Charles Duff about one of the most famous men in the world. It is also a survey of the discovery of America with some consideration of the claims of the Greeks, the Arabs, the Celts, the Norsemen and even the Chinese.

CYMBAL PLAYERS IN TIBET: This picture is from *Tibet*, by Pietro Francesco Mele (Allen and Unwin. 30s.). The author was a member of the recent Italian expedition through India to Tibet. His book consists of eighty of the splendid photographs he took of a wide range of subjects in that country of mystery, with a brief but valuable introduction.

Madame Zoë Oldenbourg is an impressive writer in the field of far-off, historical events. THE AWAKENED (Gollancz. 16s.) is her new novel, and it deals with the present day or, at least, the days that ended in 1940. The setting is Paris and the protagonists a White Russian family whose father encourages their pride in their orthodox religion, and a smaller family of a proud, intractable Jewish father who has turned Catholic. His daughter falls in love with a son of the other family and the story of between-the-wars uncertainties is told through their love-story. With due respect to a writer of this calibre, I thought the whole thing went on at unnecessary length.

There could hardly be a greater contrast than between this book and the next: Mrs. Angela Thirkell's novel, A DOUBLE AFFAIR (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.), is light-hearted in a polite sort of way and admits neither of drama nor of melodrama. The same bewilderingly related people appear as in Mrs. Thirkell's earlier works and, again, behave perfectly beautifully. True, there are moments when the tension is pretty acute, but for the rest the action is mannerly and the story a happy one. Complacent, of course, but that is part of the fun.

COLLECTED SHORT STORIES (Chatto and Windus. 21s.) is a brief and austere title for a volume containing some of the best work that Mr. Aldous Huxley has ever done, and it would be difficult to recommend this book to you too strongly. The stories included are from his early work to his more recent, and this is indeed a notable production.

A MAN FROM THE PAST (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is M. Theo Fleischman's diverting novel about a little French Civil Servant who makes scarcely any mark on his everyday world and a swashbuckling, Napoleonic general, of whom he may be the reincarnation. The author has a great deal of fun with his theme and, since he is a recognised expert on the Napoleonic era, manages his switches in time with consummate ease and even conviction.

Two books of detection and mystery this week, and both from the master hand of Simenon. THE LITTLE MAN FROM ARCHANGEL (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) is more of a *Roman psychologique* than a thriller, but extremely effective. Good translation by Nigel Ryan. MAIGRET GOES TO SCHOOL (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) does deal with the problem of a sudden death, but, since it is Inspector Maigret who solves its mystery, the interest of the book lies at least half in the development of character and Maigret's unique way of finding clues in behaviour.

BEFORE AND AFTER LENIN

Radicalism and Communism in Russia

The long reign of Catherine II, in which she sought initially to be the enlightened monarch but at the close turned her back on the liberal ideas of her youth, was a turning-point in Russian history. When the Empress began to persecute representatives of the advanced opinion she herself had helped to create, the seeds of revolution were sown. Everywhere in court circles there was a sense of insecurity, amounting almost to panic. In ROAD TO REVOLUTION (Cassell. 25s.) Avrahm Yarmolinsky traces the course of Russian radicalism through successive reigns. Until 1955 the author was in charge of the Slavonic division of the New York Public Library and has had access to a remarkable collection of Russian-source material. The result, is a masterly survey, concluding with the great famine of the '90's, by which time Marxism was already in the ascendant, and the 1917 Revolution was clearly foreshadowed. It was this same decade that saw the execution of Lenin's brother, Alexander Ulyanov, for attempted regicide, and the first great strike, engendered by purely economic demands, of 30,000 workers in St. Petersburg. At last the struggle had come. Mr. Yarmolinsky writes factually and well regarding these early stirrings among the Russian people, when crackpots and idealists, zealots and triflers, a whole army of men and women cut off by autocracy from the sources of power, began the long march.

And where did the long march lead? R. N. Carew Hunt's A GUIDE TO COMMUNIST JARGON (Geoffrey Bles. 15s.) provides the answer. One wonders what those radicals of Tsarist days would have said if they had had the chance to glance into the future and been able to envisage the vast Soviet Police State of "double talk," dogma and deviationism. Mr. Hunt has performed a most valuable and important service in explaining the various and often changing "isms" and schisms of Russian Communism. With this book one realises the appalling difficulties facing the Free West in coming to terms with Soviet political and economic jargon.

Roger Charles Tichborne (1829-1854) was responsible for his family's name becoming a household word. He was the eldest son of James Francis Doughty Tichborne, who subsequently became 10th baronet. Roger Charles sailed in 1853 from Le Havre to Valparaiso. From there he crossed the Andes, reaching Rio de Janeiro in 1854. In April of that year he sailed in the *Bella* and was lost at sea, the vessel foundering with all hands. His insurance was paid and his will proved in 1855, and the baronetcy and estates passed to his younger brother. The only person unconvinced of his death was Roger Charles's mother, who advertised largely and injudiciously for the wanderer. So it came about that a man answering the description of her son was found working as a butcher at Wagga Wagga, Queensland, brought to Europe and acknowledged by her. Other members of the family did not agree with Lady Tichborne, and so the scene was set for the trial of 188 days in which 100 persons swore to the claimant's identity. But the evidence of the Tichborne family at length convinced the jury, who came to the conclusion that the false claimant was Arthur Orton, the son of a Wapping butcher. Michael Gilbert recaptures much of the savour of this *cause célèbre* in his book THE CLAIMANT (Constable. 18s. 6d.). This we are shown was free entertainment in which England took the greatest pleasure. He tells the tale admirably, and his book is a "must" for holiday reading.

Orvar Karlbeck, for twenty years a railway engineer in China, took advantage of the opportunity to study the history of Chinese culture and to form his own collection of art treasures. His interest was stimulated by archæological finds made during the construction of the Tientsin-Pukow Railway. Now he is one of the world's great experts on the subject. Mr. Karlbeck describes some of his many and varied experiences in TREASURE SEEKER IN CHINA (Cresset Press. 21s.). It is a most enthralling narrative of long journeys through the remote lands.

Another travel book, but in rather lighter vein, is Oliver Rudston de Baer's AFGHAN INTERLUDE (Chatto and Windus. 21s.). Mr. de Baer dedicates it to his overdraft at Lloyds Bank, without the assistance of which he and his companions could never have left England during the long vacation to tour Afghanistan. This is a friendly, observant and high-spirited book, and some truly excellent photographs add measurably to its value.

THE WONDROUS ISLE OF STAFFA (Oliver and Boyd. 18s.) is the second edition of Donald B. MacCullough's account of this remarkable natural monument to which thousands of visitors flock every year. Much new material is added, and the book, together with photographs, is about three times its original size.

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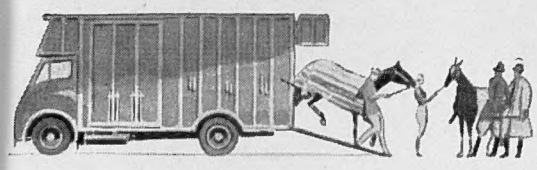

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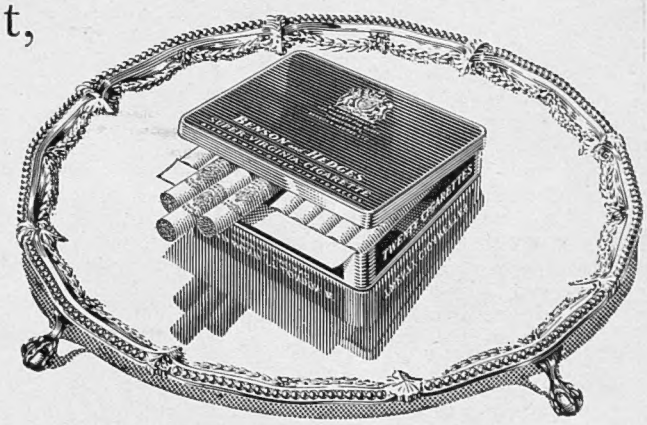

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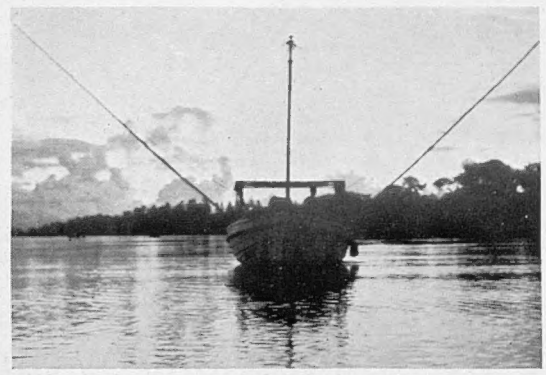
A NINE-FOOT MONSTER: An African assistant (in the fork of the tree) holds one of the ropes fastened round the tail of a 126-lb. Black Marlin while a fisherman examines the monster's head. The fish is one of many caught along the coast of Kenya.

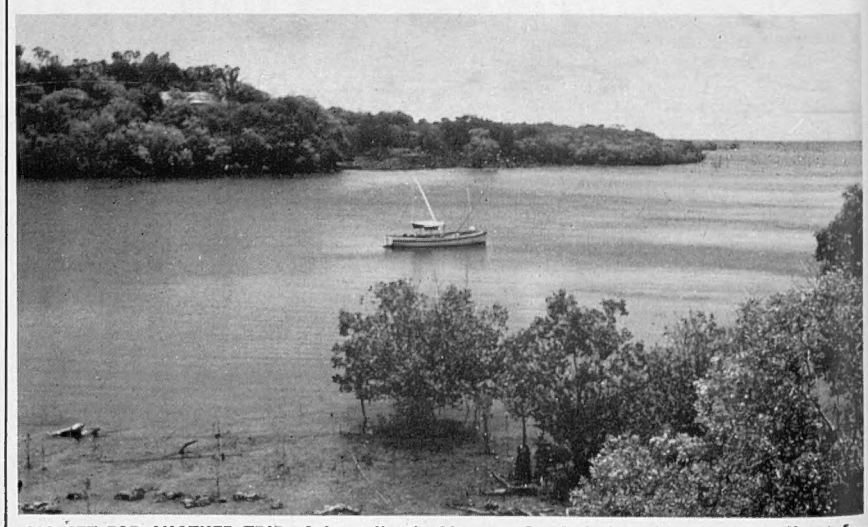
BIG-GAME FISHING IN KENYA

The Coastal Waters Provide Excellent Facilities for Fascinating Sea Angling

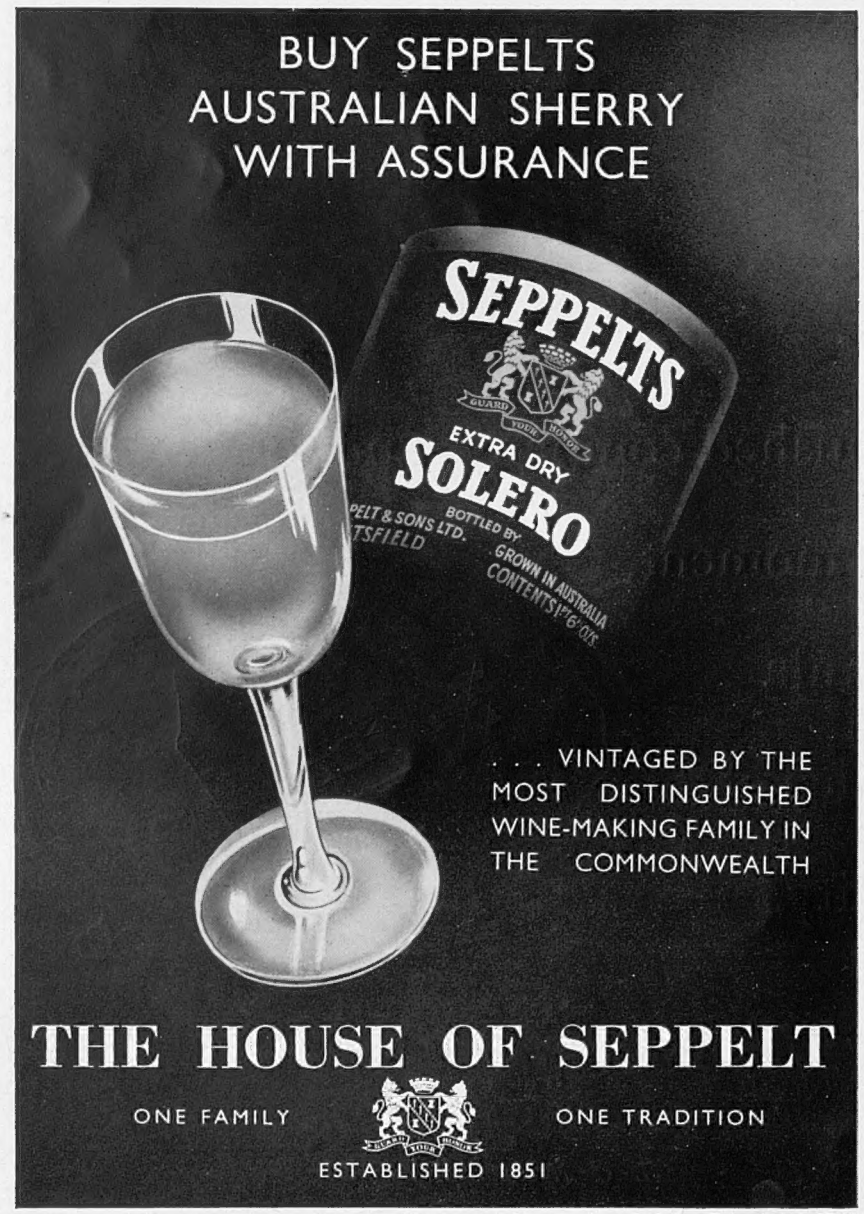
In one day of a recent tour in Kenya, British Members of Parliament caught sizeable tunny fish in the Indian Ocean in the morning and saw herds of elephants at the Mudanda Rock water-hole in the Tsavo Game Park in the afternoon. Nowadays, not only does Kenya provide excellent big-game shooting, its coast offers some of the best of big-game fishing, rivalling the Pacific in this respect. Just as the " white hunter " opened big-game safaris in Africa for the international tourist, so now his fishing counterpart is making it possible to share the excitement of the big-game fishing grounds. A coral reef guards the coast of Kenya. Behind it are lagoon waters for bathing and off-shore fishing. Fortunately, however, the 100-fathom line runs close in and a trip through the mlango (gateway) in the reef to the big-fish areas takes less than half an hour. The best months for fishing are from September to March, although there are certain types of fish to be caught all the year round.



THE END OF A DAY'S FISHING: A boat rests after a day's hunting. When angling for certain fish, the lines from the fishing-rods are extended to the tips of the bamboo poles on both sides of the craft.



ALL SET FOR ANOTHER TRIP: A boat lies in Mtwapa Creek facing the open sea all set for another long day of hunting big fish in one of the fine stretches of coastal waters.



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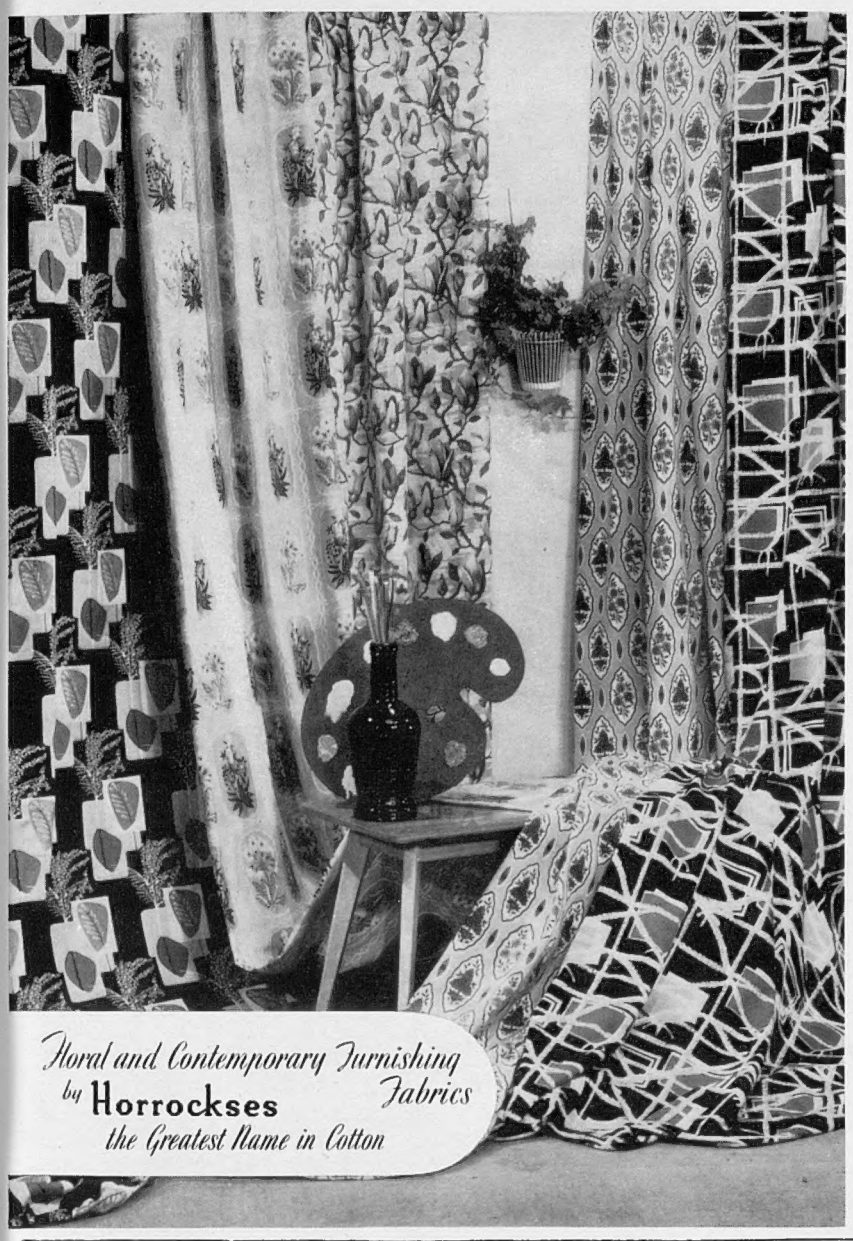

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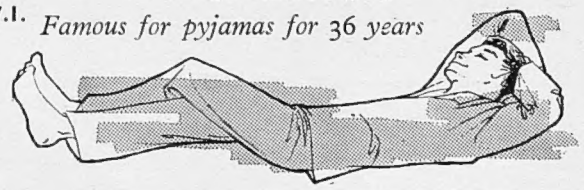

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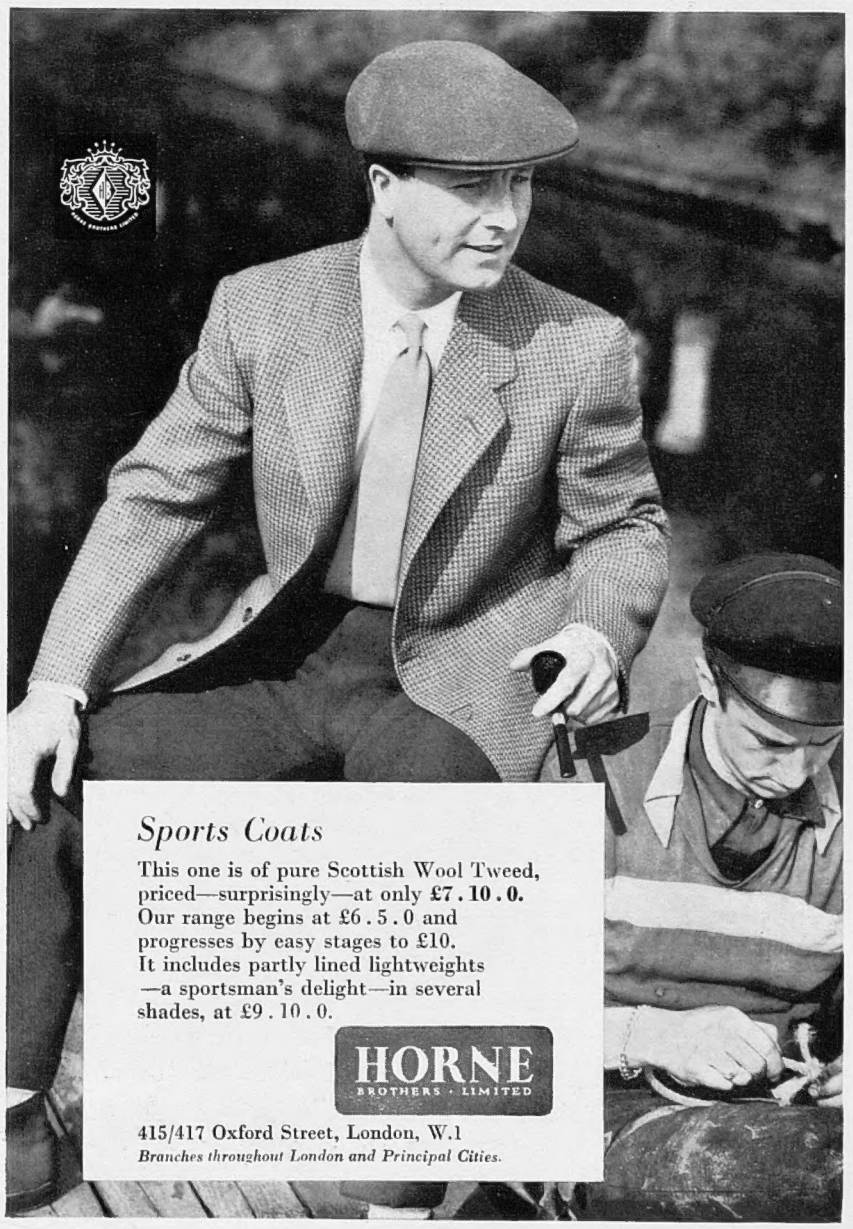

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